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# D U T Y,

*A NOVEL,*

BY THE LATE

MRS. ROBERTS,

AUTHOR OF "ROSE AND EMILY:"

INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY

AND PRECEDED BY A CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR

BY MRS. OPIE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND  
BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1814.

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*Printed by R. & A. Taylor, Shoe-Lane, London.*

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## D U T Y.

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THE lengthened evenings were welcomed by Mrs. Sinclair and Julia with revived amusements which summer had partly suspended. Their library was furnished with many valuable authors, and from them their minds derived their most solid pleasures ; but they were also supplied with whatever new productions appeared, that were worthy of notice ; and with reading, music, work, and conversation, they found that time, even in the country, might pass swiftly and satisfactorily. Ellen, who had been inured from infancy to meet the winds of heaven from every quarter, though they might sometimes

“visit her face too roughly,” would pass an evening at the Cottage when her parents could part with her. Mrs. Sinclair, less accustomed to expose herself to the inclemencies of the season, feared to incur its penalty by taking cold, and losing the health she had gained; she therefore entirely confined herself to the house in an evening, and Julia seldom left her. Christmas arrived, and this festive season was celebrated at Albany by the usual profusion of mince pies, country dances, reels, jigs, round games, and forfeits. Numerous were the messages sent to the Cottage, inviting the ladies to these convivial meetings; but they were all declined, Mrs. Sinclair urging one ostensible reason for her refusal, her fear of taking cold and injuring her health; and Julia was happy to plead as an excuse for herself, her reluctance to leave her aunt. The Miss Hopkinses and Miss Foster wondered at her want of spirit, and pitied her for being so much confined with such a sick relation—“it must be so dull!” Edmund came for a few days,

during the recess, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of his parents, who felt the season doubly hallowed by his presence; but he soon returned to Cambridge, as he particularly wished to apply himself to the study of divinity, previous to his taking orders, and he could no where attend to it so well as within the seclusion of his own rooms. His family and Mrs. Sinclair thought he looked pale, thin, and pensive; but to Julia he never appeared so handsome, or so interesting. He was seldom at the Cottage; but when there, his manner was more tender and attentive, though more serious than ever. By the particular desire of Julia, Ellen did not mention the second miniature; a prohibition she secretly lamented, as the disclosure would have given such delight to her brother, and encouraged hopes such as she herself entertained. Ellen was however faithful to her promise, and neither a word nor hint betrayed the secret she had pledged herself to guard. She endeavoured both to soothe and to divert him; and with a mind

ever active, and a fancy ever buoyant, she found or formed in both a perpetual variety and never-failing source of amusement; and now proposed as a novelty for some of the winter evenings, the forming a kind of newspaper or journal, each of the party to contribute something of their own, or of original composition, either in prose or verse. Edmund was at home; and she thought "how rich will be the store he will furnish!" The plan was formed, and Mr. Herbert was deputed the receiver and reader of these contributions. The first evening produced the following flights of fancy, which Mr. Herbert read as soon as all the parties were assembled together.

### Albany Gazette.

MR. HERBERT.—It is with real concern we inform the public, that our much respected veteran 1811 is in a rapid decline, and, it is thought by his physicians, cannot possibly survive next Sunday. His death is occasioned by the loss of his beloved

family, the months, weeks, and days, who have all successively departed this life, and are entombed with their ancestors in the vault of Time. The worthy old gentleman, conscious of his approaching dissolution, has assembled at his favourite cottage in Albany some of his dearest friends, in order to enliven his last moments, and receive his last sigh. He will be succeeded in his titles and estates by his next heir 1812, who is descended in a direct line from the year 1. His character will best be read in the records of his country. Suffice it for us to say, that, like every thing human, it was a mixture of good and evil. Whatever were his errors, may they rest in oblivion, and his virtues only live to posterity !

*Advertisement.*

MRS. SINCLAIR.—Lost—supposed to be stolen—A lady's heart. It is composed of the most delicate materials ; susceptible of the slightest touch ; affected by the softest breath ; agitated by the gentlest sound. It



shrinks like the mimosa leaf, trembles like the magnetic needle, and sighs like the Æolian harp. On its weak side it has received some trifling impressions, which are now nearly effaced; and some wounds so skillfully treated, that scarcely a scar can be discovered. On its reverse side may be traced the words "Platonic love;" which having puzzled the greatest antiquarians and the wisest philosophers to expound, we do not venture to propose a solution of them; but are inclined to think they mean nothing, or are some of those pleasing self-illusions in which the heart has been accustomed to indulge itself; or one of those masquerade mottos with which it would impose upon others. Be this as it may, the heart is in very tolerable repair, and it is hoped may be traced by the above-given description, so as to be restored to its right owner. But if detained wilfully or maliciously after this notice, the person guilty of such detention will be expected to make a remuneration of his own, and also to pay all fines and penal-



ties that the utmost rigour of the law can enact.—N. B. All letters sealed will be duly answered.

## EDMUND.

SIR,—Among the various denominations assigned to different persons, appropriate as to character, amusing to the fancy, or pleasing to the ear, I trust I may claim some indulgence for having adopted without royal license, or authority, the well-known name of Puff; though such license and such authority have frequently extended letters patent to many of my beloved relatives. An hereditary love of egotism, added to the desire of gratifying the curiosity of my readers, (should I be so fortunate as to meet with any,) induces me in the first place to give some account of myself.

I cannot exactly ascertain from what point of the compass I was blown; but my earliest recollection places me in an elevated and airy castle, situated on one of the highest mountains described by the ingenious Mr.

Riddell. Here I was the sport even in my cradle of every gale that played ; and my infant cries were drowned by my fond parents more loudly whistling in my ear that “ it was an ill wind which blew no one good ;” thereby instilling into my mind an early lesson of resignation, though I was unable at that time to comprehend the profound philosophy comprised in the remark. But since my intercourse with the world, and my observations on its various opposing views and interests, the warfare that ruins one and exalts another, I have frequently found occasion to repeat the same adage. Into this world I was very soon sent to puff for myself. I found numerous relations already there, who in their different occupations were emulous to surpass each other. But he who has played the most successful part, and from whom I derive the greatest family importance, is my immortal ancestor Puff the auctioneer, who so long *footed* it upon the stage to the admiration of thousands. A critic of the same name is also

among my boasted progenitors. These were great men, and reflected honour upon my family : nay, so renowned is our name, that even in the present period we may boast of a Pye, who, *by virtue of his office*, has raised himself into a Puff. Family pride swells in my breast, as I reflect on this compliment to our nominal distinction. It is really amusing to observe the various avocations which my relations have chosen ; for no one of the name of Puff ever led a life of inactivity. I shall enumerate all the professions of my family, as they occur to my memory, without any attention to precedence ; by which means I hope to avoid offending any of my illustrious house. Those who have made the most *noise* in the world have been Puff the organ-blower, Puff the singer, Puff the flute-player, and Puff the blacksmith. The latter, though he has been many times detected in the very act of *forging*, always has had art enough to escape Newgate honours, which he prepared for others. Nor of less importance are Puff the candle-snuffer, (whose talents have

thrown light on many a dark subject,) Puff the smoker, Puff the perfumer, Puff the pastry-cook, and Puff *advocate*. These are all regular descendants from the first Puff, and bear the proud stamp of their legitimacy in their air, their manner, and their conversation. I must here remark, that we have certain terms and phrases peculiar to ourselves, which like family failings we are very tenacious of; preserving and perpetuating them with all their aboriginal purity, and we will not suffer any satirists of the present day to laugh or bamboozle us out of them. We acknowledge but one degree in our grammar, and are particularly partial to the first personal pronoun; but were another person to encroach on these our prerogatives, we should instantly blow him. "The cheapest books in the world," "The best razor strops," "The beautifullest shoes, (*quite the kick*)," and "The elegantest invisible petticoats ever seen," with my late wonderful cousin german's "Most wonderful wonder of wonders" were all modest specimens of

our style in composition. But how shall I find words to express what I feel in announcing as a relation, one who as an author and an antiquarian was a noble Puff, but who like the blacksmith has been somewhat addicted to *forgery*?—England may forget the circumstance, but *Ireland* must always remember it.

Puff the peer, Puff the 'prentice, Puff the traveller, Puff the pedestrian, with a long list of collateral Puffs, are to be met everywhere. But with tears I mention the banishment of one who was the darling of the old and the delight of the young, dear Powder Puff! Exiled by an arbitrary decree of fashion, even the voice of the *Caput* could not recall him. His loss would have brought down "many a gray hair with sorrow to the grave," had not a powerful *wig* party risen up, assuming his rights, and supplying his place. At first it met with some opposition; but at length, supported by the heads of the community, its fame is established, and its many "hair-breadth escapes" forgotten.

That I may not weary you with too much prolixity, I will only add, that if I or any of my family can render you any service, we shall be proud to be called upon.

Inflated with the honour of having addressed you, I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

MONTGOLFIER PUFF.

### ELLEN.

WHEN Evening draws her curtain round,  
And hangs her trembling lights on high,  
Entranced I rove on fairy ground,  
And muse with spirits of the sky.

Then Fancy from her starry height  
O'er my rapt soul her mantle flings,  
Through worlds ideal takes her flight,  
And soars upon elastic wings.

'Tis then in Memory's treasured hoard  
Of joys departed, I review  
Those scenes which fond affection stored,  
When hope was young, and life was new.

And as I breathe to Heaven a sigh,  
While Sorrow pours her pensive prayer,  
I seem to meet my ——'s eye,  
And trace the glittering angel there.



JULIA.

*Cupid on Earth.*

'Tis said, when Love was yet a boy,  
His infant sorrows to beguile,  
His mother gave him many a toy,  
Exulting in the urchin's smile.

She found the child a supple bow,  
And placed within his hand a dart,  
Then on his target, as his foe,  
Painted the semblance of a heart.

"Take there," she cried, "thy deadly aim,  
Thy fatal darts be pointed there ;  
If thou wouldst win the prize of fame,  
Ambition should disdain a fear."

He took the bow, the dart he took ;  
And though the boy was somewhat blind,  
And though his little pinions shook,  
His arrow reach'd the spot assign'd.

His bosom throb'd with phrensied joy ;  
And falling at his mother's feet,  
"Remove," he said, "this painted toy,  
And let me aim at hearts that beat.

“O grant that through the nether world  
I urge with speed my jocund flight ;  
Swift be my fluttering wings unfurl'd,  
To range through scenes of new delight !”

“Offspring of mighty Mars,” she cried,  
Wouldst thou, a God, descend to earth ?  
Wouldst thou, thy mother's hope and pride,  
Degrade thy high, immortal birth ?

“Yet go ; and where thy footsteps rove  
Be Discord's golden apple thrown !  
May Jealousy be link'd to Love,  
And Beauty awe thee with her frown !

“Yes, go ;—thy mother's wrath assuage,  
Go, and imperious be thy reign ;  
On tyrant mortals pour thy rage,  
And cleanse, O Diomedé ! thy stain.”

The boy dejected hung his head  
And wept, a parent's frown to meet ;  
But novelty his spirit led,  
And still he sued in accents sweet :

“O let thy blessing be my guide,  
And I'll revenge my mother's woes ;  
Descend her champion, prove her pride,  
And humble to the dust her foes.”



The parent gave her slow consent,  
Hung o'er her child with tearful eye,  
And, as her mystic zone she lent,  
Breathed her fond blessing in a sigh.

Borne on her bright triumphal car,  
He left the regions of his birth,  
And, floating through the fields of air,  
Alighted on this rebel earth.

Eager to show his archer's skill,  
His bow he bends, his dart he tries ;  
While hope and fear his bosom thrill,  
The random shaft at distance flies.

Sudden, throughout the troubled air  
Echo repeats a piercing cry,  
" Help me," in tones of wild despair,  
" Help me, O help me, or I die."

The hapless victim soon he found,  
Raised on his arm her languid head,  
With tears and kisses bathed the wound,  
Yet laugh'd to see how much it bled.

Now buoyant with triumphant joy,  
The child pursues his careless way ;  
Trifles with every infant toy,  
And joins the little crowd at play.

But soon the hoop he throws aside,  
And over hills and valleys flies ;  
The whim of infancy his guide,  
The gaudy butterfly his prize.

Sometimes the gentle swan he woos,  
Sometimes the lion's power derides ;  
Now like his mother's doves he coos,  
Or on a dolphin's back he rides.

But changing thus from place to place,  
Slander her trumpet sent before ;  
He finds averted every face,  
And every bosom dreads his power.

Ah, why the urchin's sorrows tell ?  
He proved his mother's sentence true :  
*The golden apple always fell ;*  
*Where'er his fatal arrow flew.*

Now wearied with his earthly tour,  
He bent upon his slacken'd bow,  
Pray'd on his parent's breast to pour  
His tears of penitential woe.

The smile that dimpled on her cheek  
Betray'd her triumph and her joy ;  
When thus she heard her darling speak,  
And thus address'd the weeping boy :

“ Yes, on thy tender mother’s breast  
Thy tears of penitence be shed ;  
There build in peace thy little nest,  
And there repose thy angel head.

“ O vagrant child of whim and mirth,  
Thy errors all shall be forgiven ;  
Perform thy pilgrimage on earth,  
And then return to me and Heaven.”

Mrs. Sinclair had received letters from Conway, and she was sorry to find that Mrs. Hopkins boasted of having had a letter from him also, the contents of which she purposely made appear of great importance, and had many private audiences with Anna Maria in consequence. Mrs. Sinclair had too high an opinion of Conway’s honourable principles, to suppose that he was merely amusing his vanity with the folly of Miss Wills ; but she feared that he was deceiving himself as to her amiable qualities, and that his heart was really caught in the snare laid for him. The result, however, she thought better to leave to chance, or his own prudence. He was now far removed from their imme-

diatc toils, and she trusted he would ultimately escape from them. The fact was, that Mrs. Hopkins and Anna Maria were fearful of making any inquiries of Mrs. Sinclair respecting her nephew, lest their motives should be detected, and their plans frustrated : they thought it a safer expedient for Mrs. Hopkins to address him herself. His direction was easily discovered at the Post-office ; and, “as a *married* woman,” Mrs. Hopkins was persuaded that no delicacy could be attached to her first commencing a correspondence with a gentleman. “She hoped he would not mistake her motives ; they were such as, if she dared reveal them, would, she was sure, touch his heart with pity ; hers was wrung to pieces by what she daily and hourly witnessed,—but she should say nothing. She was anxious to a degree of agony to know how his health was, as she could not help thinking he was looking pale when he left Albany, and for some time previous to his going. Others she knew had made the same remark,

but she would not say who. She wished also to know how his arm was, for she could not help thinking that the surgeons in London were barbarous people to pronounce it well enough for him to join his regiment, and resume the horrid business of war. She wished he had consulted Mr. Hopkins, who would have acted very differently. She knew it was his opinion, that he ought on no account to go back to Portugal, as he was in no condition for fighting. But she hoped for his sake, and for the sake of another person, (though every body who knew Captain Conway loved and esteemed him,) that there would be no more occasion to fight, but that he would soon return to England and Albany. Indeed, if he did not, she could not tell (ah yes! she thought she could too plainly tell!) what would be the melancholy consequences—but she had promised not to give a hint upon the subject. In the mean time, she must entreat for a letter, just to relieve her own and other people's anxiety; for she could not help saying that Mrs. Sinclair

was so reserved, and her manner so changed to her, and every body who called upon her, that she could learn nothing from her, and it was rather an awkward thing to go to the Cottage now. She hoped he would excuse her troubling him with *those few lines*, but she could not help doing so, though nobody knew of her writing; not even Mr. Hopkins, from whom she made it a point to conceal nothing, except in this instance. She therefore begged his answer might be directed, to be left at the Post-office.—P. S. My dearest friend Anna Maria is very ill.” These few lines, which *nobody knew of*, employed Mrs. Hopkins and Anna Maria the whole of one morning to compose. It is true, Mr. Hopkins did not know of their fabrication, as he was an honest, upright man, very well acquainted with his profession; and though he had a high opinion of his wife’s *cleverness*, he was totally averse to all schemes and stratagems, and never countenanced them.

Conway had too much penetration not



to see the art and aim of this letter, and he was at first disgusted with both ; but his too pliant nature, and kind heart, made him feel a degree of compassion for that which he ought to have despised ; and he was too polite not to answer a lady's letter. He therefore wrote a short but rather kind reply, "thanking her for the solicitude she expressed for his health, and assuring her that it never was better than when he was at Albany, or at the present moment. His arm also was sufficiently recovered to draw his sword against the enemy. He was sorry there was no probability of a speedy return to England, sincerely offered his best respects to all who had honoured him with their attention during his visit at Albany, and thanked them for their solicitude. Without noticing the illness of Miss Anna Maria, he concluded in general terms her obedient servant."

Every line of this letter, every word, every stop, every dot was examined and commented upon. Anna Maria thought it said

very little, but Mrs. Hopkins assured her it meant a great deal. "He does not notice my illness," she said peevishly. "He dared not trust himself to mention it, that I am sure is the reason; and perhaps he thought his aunt might in some way or other find out the letter." "He must be a fool to mind her," said Anna Maria: "how could she know any thing about it? Besides, you told me she would have no objection." "So I did, and I say it again; but then she may think he had better not spend his time in writing." "But I shall take care to let her know he has written, I have no idea of thinking of her at all." "Nor I," said Mrs. Hopkins; "so I shall say that I have heard from Captain Conway."

Mrs. Hopkins, who sometimes found her friend's sensibility partake of a little peevishness and obstinacy, thought it prudent for the present to withdraw—assuring her that, when she reflected upon the letter, she would find it all her heart could wish; and that she thought



it implied a great deal ; but she, who knew the world, knew that gentlemen liked to be guarded in what they wrote. Anna Maria however was dissatisfied ; and for once her feelings revolted against the assertions of her friend and counsellor, and she indulged her moody humour for some hours. She then took a novel, and solaced herself with a detail of woes as hopeless as her own.

Sir Thomas's family were now preparing to leave Albany for their winter in London, and great was the bustle their removal occasioned, both at the Mansion and in the village. Sir Thomas was all fretfulness and uneasiness; lest every thing, and every body, should not be ready to a moment, "to the very moment, as the clock struck ten." He was resolved, he said, to wait for no one; and if his lady and daughters were not ready, the carriage should go to town without them.

Bertha expressed so many regrets at leaving Albany, and evinced such real grief of heart at being separated for months from those she loved, as she said, the most in all

the world ; and Lady Wills so pathetically lamented the trouble such a child was in London, as the others were all grown up *and out*, and she really did not know what to do with her, that Mrs. Herbert was induced for the sake of the poor girl, whose happiness (and she also thought advantage) would be promoted by the plan, to propose her being left under her care till the family returned ; assuring her ladyship, that she and Ellen would pay her every attention, and instruct her as well as they could. “ My dear Mrs. Herbert,” cried Lady Wills, snatching her hand with a convulsive transport, “ this is the very thing of all others I most desire ; and it was but the other day I said to Sir Thomas, that I wished with all my heart you had kept her when she was with you, that is, I mean, for her sake ; for I do not believe she has been happy since. Her sisters, I can see, do not like her, and they do not agree together ; and it is a shocking thing, Mrs. Herbert, when sisters do not agree.” “ Certainly, ma’am,” replied Mrs.

Herbert. "So that, you understand, I cannot be averse to your proposal, which takes her away from those who do not like her."

"I quite understand it," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Well then, I will speak to Sir Thomas; who, I am sure, will quite agree to it, and we shall be eternally obliged to you. Whatever you think she wants, I beg you will procure; though I dare say it will not be much."

"Her education shall not be neglected," said Mrs. Herbert. "Oh, as for that, don't

trouble yourself, at her age it is not of much consequence; I do not want her to be very accomplished."

"Accomplishments I could not undertake to teach her," replied

Mrs. Herbert; "but she shall read French and English with me, and Ellen can instruct her in drawing."

"I am sure you will do every thing quite proper," hastily interrupted

her ladyship, "and I am thoroughly satisfied. I will have her things put up, and send

her to you tomorrow, if you can receive her." Mrs. Herbert assented; and the poor

girl, her heart overflowing with joy and gra-

itude, returned to the Rectory : and to complete her happiness, Carlo was permitted to be her companion. She had thrown her arms round Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Ellen as soon as she entered the house ; and when she went into the little apartment she had formerly occupied, she threw herself on the floor and kissed it.

To any plan which promised to amuse the thoughts or interest the heart of his wife Mr. Herbert gave a willing assent ; for he knew that it is principally by the employment of the mind we chase away the melancholy that hangs over it—occupation is the intellectual sun that dissipates the clouds of misery. Mr. Herbert pitied poor Bertha ; and though he did not entertain so much affection for her as Mrs. Herbert and Ellen did, he regarded her with such compassion that his pity was at least akin to love.

From the diligence and activity of Sir Thomas's servants, who all knew and felt that their master would have *his own way*, every carriage was ready, and every thing

packed up in them, before ten. Sir Thomas waited for the clock to give the signal, when he sprung into the coach, which was to receive him, his lady, and four of their slenderest daughters, as nimbly as impatience (which often impedes rather than aids its design) and the rheumatism would let him. The hour had struck, and no Lady Wills or her daughters appeared—the other carriages had already their freight. Sir Thomas began to storm. “Come, come, I’ll wait no longer—put up the step, and drive off—let them follow as they can, or stay behind if they will.” The servant seemed to find the step exceedingly stiff, and gained a few moments delay; when the ladies appeared, Sir Thomas calling and hurrying them as if an affair of the utmost importance depended on their expedition. Lady Wills tripped, and fell down the steps. Her daughters ran to her assistance. Sir Thomas roared—“There never was such awkwardness! all this comes from not being in time! and then there is such bustle at the last! I

have been ready these two hours and waiting at the door. Come, come," he said, "do make haste and help her up, I can't wait all day." The task of raising the good lady was not that of a moment : at length it was accomplished—and it was found she had only bruised her knee, and she limped, or was rather dragged, to the carriage; for she knew that Sir Thomas's threats of going without them might be realized. Her anger at being so hurried was increased by the pain she felt, and as soon as she was in the carriage her rage had a full explosion.

"One would have thought, Sir Thomas, that it was upon an affair of life and death we were going." "Upon my life," he said, "it had nearly been your death." Sir Thomas loved a joke, and a pun; and this as he thought happy (though unfeeling) jest served to tickle off the displeasure he had felt at being delayed. "Sir Thomas," said the lady, "this is insufferable—first to try to kill me, and then to insult me; I will not bear it, Sir Thomas," and she burst into



tears. "I am glad to see you are not much hurt, however, my lady," said he, "since you have got to your old tricks." The first hour was passed in this agreeable connubial conversation, in the complaints and tears of the lady and the taunts of Sir Thomas. Lavinia, yawning, begged her papa not to tease her mamma, and yawned again. Sacharissa sat with a disdainful scowl upon her brow, and a scornful curl of her lip. The twins looked out of the window. They had nearly gone the first stage, and a calm seemed to be succeeding to the storm, when Lady Wills exclaimed, "As sure as fate, I have left the parrot locked up in my closet, and nobody can get to it." "What, my parrot?" screamed Laura. "My parrot?" said Laurretta, "how could you be so cruel?" and both began to cry and sob. "Don't cry, my darling," said Lady Wills to Laura, (the eldest by half an hour,) "don't cry, we will send John back with the key." "John shall not go back with the key for any parrot in the world," said Sir Thomas in a fury:

“why, at this rate, we shall never get to London. I shall be very glad to have that noisy thing dead, and John shall not go back.” “But John *shall*,” squeaked Laurretta. “Well done, my little spirited darling,” said Sir Thomas: “now I like this, there’s some life in you, I declare.” John was at the door of the carriage waiting their orders. “Go back,” said Laurretta, “as fast as you can go, and tell Sally that the parrot is locked up in mamma’s closet, and she must let it out and take care of it.” “Pray, miss, will you give me the key?” said the man. Lady Wills was looking in her ridicule, and the ridicules of all the young ladies, for the key, but could not find it. “Break open the door,” said Sir Thomas, “at once, and then break the parrot’s head.” “Break open the door,” screamed out Laurretta, “and go and come as fast as you can.” “You give the word of command well, my darling,” said Sir Thomas, “and I think I shall place you at the head of my regiment.” “She will do quite as well as you there,” said the lady sarcasti-



cally. Fortunately, before this observation had taken full effect the carriage stopped, and the bustle of waiters and putting-to fresh horses diverted the attention of all the party from each other. The rest of the journey passed off as harmoniously as could be expected among persons each contending for their own way, and the lady and her daughters were all rejoiced when they reached London.

When Bertha was established at the Rectory, Julia undertook to instruct her in music and singing. Her desire of improvement, her eagerness to acquire information, in order (she said) that she might become like Ellen and Julia, rendered every task a pleasure, and difficulties were only stimulants to greater exertions. It was astonishing to them all to see the obstacles she overcame, and the rapidity with which she acquired every thing they taught her; but her mind was vigorous, and though it had not been directed, it had not been idle. She had powers that merely wanted to be applied,

and encouraged by commendation and rewarded by affection. She was ambitious to excel in every thing. She rose early, and applied herself diligently to reading and music (for Lady Wills had allowed her to have the practising piano) before her friends began their instructions. Julia was charmed with her pupil, both in music and singing; and as the days were cold and dreary, and exercise out of doors frequently unattainable, she proposed to teach her to dance. This improved her carriage and figure, while the excitement of every amiable and affectionate feeling of the heart, gave to her countenance a better and more ingenuous character, and stamped upon her features charms which can only result from mind. Her head became erect, her eyes directed to the person with whom she conversed, her words prompt and articulate, her step buoyant, and her whole manner candid and cheerful. Mr. Herbert now loved her; and as he looked on his own Ellen, his favourite Julia, and his protégée Bertha, he thought,

in the fond partiality of his heart, there were not three such girls in the world.

The time arrived when Edmund was ordained. "The die is cast," he wrote to Ellen, "and I am devoted to the church. I trust I shall fulfil its sacred duties; but at least I will not disgrace it by levity of manners, or laxity of morals. I will adopt no whimsical creed, recommend no impracticable duties, advance no fanciful theories; nor bewilder the minds of those I am to teach, with false but attractive lights. My own faith is established upon the orthodox tenets of the church, and my doctrine shall be formed upon the same sound and simple principles."

His first sermon was preached at Albany, as it was his mother's wish. A mist came over Julia's eyes, and a tumultuous emotion rushed to her heart, when she saw him in the reading-desk, standing like a pillar of light, and heard the solemn and impressive tones of his voice. He was self-collected, but not assuming; eloquent in his language,

and persuasive in his arguments ; and whilst his parents and friends listened with pride and fondness, the rest of the congregation heard with pleasure and approbation. In the afternoon Mr. Herbert preached, and Edmund only read prayers. Who would not have envied the feelings of Mrs. Herbert when she beheld her husband and son, such a son and such a husband ! each filling their sacred station in the same church ? Never had a wife and mother more cause for exultation.

Edmund passed a few weeks at home, reading with his father those subjects which his new profession required. About this time Mr. Herbert received a letter from a nobleman to whose son he had been tutor, and with whom he was in occasional habits of correspondence, informing him that the living which in his secret thoughts he had long destined for him, as the most valuable one he could bestow, was likely soon to become vacant, as the present incumbent was so very infirm, it was impossible he could

long survive. The letter concluded with profuse professions of happiness at being at last enabled to prove the grateful sense he entertained of the advantages his son had derived from his instructions; the high consideration he had for his character, and his own personal friendship—with many etceteras. “At last, indeed!” said Mr. Herbert. “Twenty years have been a long period to wait for the performance of a promise, and other livings in his lordship’s gift, as valuable as this, have fallen. But it comes at last; and if I may be allowed to decline it in favour of my son, I shall be amply rewarded for past disappointments.” He wrote to his lordship, candidly stating his request. The reply was immediate and satisfactory—“He should be doubly happy in presenting it to the son of his friend, a young man so distinguished for learning, talents, and every virtue that can adorn and dignify human nature,” &c. &c.—Thus, with expectations sanctioned by such promises, Mr. Herbert imagined his son amply provided for, and

Edmund first secretly encouraged the hope that he might venture to aspire to Julia.

The same familiar intercourse subsisted between the families as formerly; and though it seemed impossible for intimacy to rise higher, every day strengthened the bond of interest and friendship. Julia imagined that no one thought Edmund and she were more attached to each other, than were the other individuals of their happy and united party; and this idea rendered her manner towards him considerably more easy than it otherwise would have been. He believed that all he felt, and all he looked, was unmarked by any one except by Ellen; and he also became less guarded. Mr. Herbert had no suspicion of any particular partiality entertained by his son for Julia; he loved her so much himself, that he could not imagine any one could love her more. But female eyes are often more keen-sighted than those of men; and a female heart, being more susceptible of sympathy, may more easily understand the softer feelings that agitate another. Mrs.



Herbert thought that she perceived in Julia symptoms of partiality for her son. It was possible, she thought, that her own might deceive her; but still she observed, and the more she observed the more convinced she became. She communicated her remarks to Mr. Herbert, who instantly exclaimed—"Then he loves her, my blessing on them both!" The delighted parents determined to watch and to be silent: they wondered they had never suspected it before; but now they were satisfied, that from all they saw, or imagined they saw, the attachment was mutual; and they prayed it might be fortunate, but prudently resolved not to accelerate it by any observation, or in any way to influence their conduct.

As usual Edmund and Julia met, conversed, sung, read, and walked together; he always met the extended hand of welcome from Mrs. Sinclair; and philosophy, instead of finding reasons for his flying the presence of the woman he loved, or being reserved when with her, advanced very op-



posite arguments, which, in cooperation with the sentiments of his heart, led him to pass many hours of every day at the Cottage.

Carlo, the favourite of Bertha, and Rover, the College companion of Edmund, were either jealous of each other as rivals, or entertained feelings of hostility as enemies; they could not agree, and their quarrels at last became not only frequent but bloody. One of them it was thought must suffer the misery of chains, or of imprisonment; and to British dogs of liberty this seemed so dreadful a doom, that neither of their owners would permit the other to pass the sentence. When Edmund said that Rover must be chained up, Bertha insisted that Carlo should; and as the point was never amicably settled, Julia requested that she might take one of the offenders—"Rover, if I might ask for him," she said; "but remember, I hold him only in right of another, he is still yours." "He is yours," replied Edmund, "if you will have him." "Go, Rover, thou art a happy fellow," said

he, patting him on his back—"thy master will often think of thee with envy."

One morning Mrs. Sinclair received letters which threw her into the deepest distress. She looked tenderly on Julia, and withdrew to her own apartment. Presently she sent for her. It was evident that she had been weeping, and was still in great agitation. Julia sat down by her, and took her hand. "I had hoped (she said) that my health was so much restored, that any sudden or violent emotion of the mind would not thus affect it: but I fear it is a poor shattered frame patched up only for a little time," Julia had seldom heard her aunt speak despondingly of herself, and these words greatly distressed her; she endeavoured to divert the melancholy that had taken possession of her, and spoke with hope and cheerfulness. Mrs. Sinclair shook her head: "I am very ill; but, O my God," she cried, clasping her hands together, "spare, spare my life, that I may yet claim a parent for my Julia." Her emotion overpowered her. When she recovered, she con-

sented to walk a little about the garden, Julia still seeking to divert her thoughts from the subject that pressed upon them. But she spoke little, and was evidently oppressed by some deep and unconquerable sorrow. Ellen had been with Julia a part of the morning, and Edmund called in the evening. Mrs. Sinclair had retired, and Julia was sitting alone and thoughtful in the parlour; the traces of tears were on her cheeks, and her eyes were heavy and mournful. She spoke of the letters her aunt had received in the morning, and of their effect, as to friends who were interested for her; she wished she knew their purport, and who were the writers.

“I fear,” said Julia, “she has many sorrows; but as she will not impart them to me, I can only participate in their effect, and grieve without affording relief.” “Can you guess their cause?” said Edmund. “Partly I can,” replied Julia. “If they are such as to admit of advice or assistance, and if I durst presume to ask Miss Douglas to con-

fide what she knows to a friend, one who feels for her, and who would serve her,"....

"I am the cause," interrupted Julia, and burst into an agony of tears. "This is very mysterious," said Edmund, "how are you the cause?"

"It is all a mystery to me," replied Julia :

"I am a mystery to myself, I know not who I am." "Who you are!" said Edmund

in astonishment, "are you not the niece of Mrs. Sinclair?" "I believe myself to be so,

but I know not. I have no remembrance of my parents : I am told one yet lives, but I know not where, and I know not which." Tears

and sobs choked her utterance. Edmund was affected. He had taken her hand, and pressed it in silence to his heart. "O Julia!"

at length he exclaimed, "whoever you are, would that you were mine ! This arm should

then protect you, this breast should shield you, and I would defend you with my life from every evil." Julia heard, but doubted

the reality of what she heard. She gazed at him in speechless astonishment, and her

head sunk on the bosom which seemed her

only refuge. A few moments recalled her to a sense of what had passed ; she raised her eyes, and faintly said, “ Can I believe it ? ” “ Yes, Julia, my long-loved Julia, in this moment of misery I have dared to tell you all my heart : that secret which I have preserved for so many months has now transpired ; say, is it unwelcome ? ” Julia made no reply : but he read in her downcast eye and blushing cheek, and in a silence more eloquent than words, all his soul wished.— They at length parted ; and while surprise and tenderness agitated her heart, in his reigned love, hope, and rapture.

On the following day Mrs. Sinclair was better : she remained in her closet all the morning, replying to her letters, and was afterwards more composed.

Though it was early spring, the weather was fair and warm, and Edmund prevailed upon her to let him drive her out in her low chaise. The air revived her spirits, and his conversation beguiled her thoughts. He ventured to speak upon the subject of his

attachment for Julia, and received with joy the assenting voice of entire approbation. Of his own parents' consent he had no doubt; he knew their high esteem for Julia, and the path of love seemed to him strewn only with flowers. Mrs. Sinclair, after a few minutes of apparently deep and painful reflection, bade him delay mentioning the subject to his father and mother, till she had imparted to him some circumstances relative to Julia, which she thought it right he should be acquainted with. "I will not," she added, "keep you any longer in suspense than my health and spirits oblige me : at present I am unequal to the task, for much must be recalled which I could wish to bury in oblivion : but in a few days I hope to be able to communicate all which you ought to know : till then be silent."

Edmund was as patient as a man in love could be, as patient as one who longed to impart that which he was assured would give happiness to the hearts of those he loved, and particularly to Ellen : but he was com-



pelled to wait the recovery of Mrs. Sinclair, and he thought it the most lingering indisposition he had ever known. He was assured that nothing could alter his opinion of Julia, could check the ardour of his affection ; and of his parents' approbation and concurrence he was equally certain. The delay therefore was unnecessary ; but as it was the wish of Mrs. Sinclair, he would not oppose, and he endeavoured not to murmur at it. He had not given up his rooms at College: but as he had taken his degree, his being there depended solely upon his own inclination. But inclination pointed only to Albany; and he thought, what a summer of felicity shall we all pass !

The next day was Sunday, and though still indisposed, Mrs. Sinclair wished to go to church ; for the duty of public prayer she did not consider a form that might be dispensed with, if it could be observed, but as an open profession of that faith by which our lives are directed, and on which our hopes of an hereafter are founded. She attended,



therefore, public worship as one of the duties of a christian, and never allowed any trifling cause to detain her from it. On this morning (she said) she particularly wished to go, as she believed that her mind would be calmed by the prayers of the church, and her spirits raised by the doctrine of Mr. Herbert.

A stranger was shown into the pew next to hers during service. He was wrapped up in a travelling great coat, and seemed to have been led thither by curiosity or idleness rather than devotion, as the prayers were nearly ended when he arrived. Julia could not forbear remarking his elegant but emaciated figure, and the paleness of a countenance peculiarly handsome, but in which were deeply charactered thought and suffering. While she was perusing the lineaments of his face, he turned his eye towards her, and seemed awakened to some sudden recollection. The intenseness of his gaze obliged her to withdraw; and pulling down her veil, she retired into another corner of the pew. Mrs. Sinclair sat with her back to him, and

had neither observed nor been observed by him ; and as Julia knew that her aunt disliked any verbal comments or communications to be made at church, she was silent.

The text was taken from St. John : “ He that is without sin amongst you, let him first cast a stone at her.” All the eloquence of the divine, all the purity of a christian, all the compassion of a fellow-creature, and all the energy of the preacher, were displayed by Mr. Herbert with more than even his usual ability. The crime, with its attendant horrors, to individuals, to family, to friends, and to society, was feelingly and forcibly illustrated. Then, alluding to the subject in his text, he described the moment when every mouth was open to judge the offender, when every eye was fixed upon her, when the by-standers waited anxiously for the sentence—at this impressive moment (said the preacher) when the guilty one stood trembling in expectation of condemnation, our Saviour reproved *them* in the words of the text ; and on finding that they had all withdrawn, and that no one had accused

her, he turned to her, and showing that the gates of mercy were not closed, and pointing out to her the path of penitence, said, "Go, and sin no more."

Julia herself had been so much affected by the discourse, that she scarcely observed her aunt, till her convulsive sobs alarmed her; but a deep groan from the next pew made them both start up. The stranger was bending forward, his hands over his face, endeavouring to stifle the sighs that forced themselves from his bosom. He turned his head as Mrs. Sinclair rose, and at that instant she fainted. Edmund hastened to support her: the stranger was already bending over her, his eye alternately gazing on her as he endeavoured to support her in his arms, and on Julia, while drops of anguish rolled down his face. "Allow me to support this lady," said Edmund, "the sight of a stranger may distress her when she recovers." "I am no stranger," he replied—"O God! would that I were!"—and he continued to support her.

But on Edmund's saying, "This situation, sir, is only for friends," the stranger yielded her in silence to his care, and with a deep sigh left the church. Mrs. Sinclair slowly recovered, and, clasping the hand of Julia, feebly pronounced "Home." Edmund attended her; and much as he was interested for Mrs. Sinclair, the mysterious stranger and his still more mysterious words dwelt upon his mind, and some suspicions arose which he vainly endeavoured to banish, but resolved never to utter.

Mrs. Sinclair remained so ill, and so much agitated, that she would admit of no person to be near her but Julia, to whom she spoke little, but sate lost in thought; or she would suddenly start and shudder, as if at some dreadful recollection. Julia's bosom was scarcely less agitated: conjectures, doubts, surprise, by turns harassed and perplexed her; a momentary suspicion glanced across her mind, but of a nature so horrible that she strove to banish it immediately; yet it would return in defiance of all her efforts.

“ Why should this sermon so particularly affect my aunt?—this subject? She has wept at the representation of other crimes, but never as at this.” She then recollected her excessive emotion when, in visiting Hampton Court, she looked at the fine picture on the same subject, ‘ The woman taken in adultery,’—the tears standing in her eyes, the grief-fraught countenance, her dejected attitude, her patient endurance of the taunts and derision and severity of her accusers, whilst she waits, conscious in guilt, yet penitently submissive, the judgement of her Lord, who is apparently tracing her sentence in the sand.—All are so finely and pathetically delineated by the pencil, that, as Mrs. Sinclair gazed at it, the tears burst from her eyes, and she hurried into another apartment. “ Is it possible?” thought Julia. Then, as if she had been guilty of a crime, she endeavoured to banish the idea, but it returned again. “ Oh, my aunt!—*my mother* perhaps! and if my mother, shall I not bless her, love her, respect her?” She hesitated:

“ *Respect !* can we love those whom we do not respect, and can we respect those for whom we blush?—If I must blush for my parents, better to remain for ever in doubt and ignorance ; but it is not for a daughter to condemn, or to accuse. It is a long time since she has alluded to the mystery of my birth ; and I, in other interests, had almost ceased to think of it ; the subject *now* returns with tenfold horrors !” And much as she once wished to know who were her parents, she now dreaded the discovery.

Mrs. Sinclair, finding herself extremely ill, had retired early to bed ; and as Julia sate by her bed-side, held her burning hand, and kissed her cheek, she firmly believed it was her mother whom she was caressing ; and thought, “ Whatever be a mother’s failings, a mother’s crimes, her child may still love her ; may love the offender, though she hates the offence.”

The stranger had not been mentioned by her aunt ; and as Julia was certain that she had seen him, and attributed her fainting to that



sudden and unexpected glance ; as she also had heard the words he uttered to Edmund ; she had, she thought, but too much reason to be convinced that some mournful secret attended him and her aunt, and that the subject of the sermon and their mutual recognition were connected.

Mr. Hopkins had given Mrs. Sinclair a composing draught, which produced some hours of repose, during which Edmund called. Sanctioned by her aunt, and accepted by Julia, he came as one who had a right to sympathize and to console ;—to advise, he yet scarcely presumed. He had made some inquiries relative to the stranger, who he found had arrived in his own travelling carriage, and whilst he waited for horses, which were every minute expected, had lounged into the church : he had not then left the village.

Whilst they were talking, a note was brought for Mrs. Sinclair from the inn. “ It is doubtless from the stranger,” thought Julia ; but as her aunt was asleep and the per-



son waited, she said an answer would be returned the next morning. Edmund touched as delicately as he could upon the extraordinary emotion Mrs. Sinclair had betrayed at seeing him ; but perceiving that Julia was affected by the subject, he forbore to urge it any further. Not even to Edmund could she hint her suspicions of one who appeared so nobly virtuous ; nor could she endure to brand herself as the child of infamy : the very idea was insupportable.

Mrs. Sinclair perused the note, when it was given to her the next morning, with considerable emotion ; and was hesitating upon what answer to return, when another was brought. The stranger was still at the inn ; and the purport of each note was to request an interview with her. “ It is impossible,” she said ; “ but Edmund shall see him : send for him, my Julia, and this morning I will perform my promise to you both : whatever agony the disclosure costs me, it shall be made : send for him, my love.” Mrs. Sinclair seemed struggling with her

feelings, and endeavouring to summon all her fortitude. Edmund instantly obeyed the summons, and she placed him and Julia on each side of her.

“The tale I have to tell,” she said, “has nothing in it new or surprising; the incidents are but too frequent, the consequences but too common. I will render it as brief as I can. Julia, my child,” (Julia’s heart sunk at the epithet; she half dropped the hand she held;) “prepare yourself to know that you have a mother living!” (She paused for a few minutes. Edmund participated in Julia’s feelings, and his bosom thrilled with apprehension.) “That mother—my sister!” Julia started, and the weight that pressed upon her heart was removed. “My aunt—my mother indeed!” she exclaimed. “Oh, my *more* than mother!” and she sunk upon her knees at her feet. “Compose yourself, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Sinclair, “or I shall be unable to proceed.” Edmund raised her up, pressed her gently to his bosom, and Mrs. Sinclair continued. “She mar-

ried : your father was a man of rank and wealth." " Oh, then," thought Julia, " I need not blush—I am not the child of dishonour." " The union was hastily formed, and too soon they discovered how dissimilar were their inclinations. Each had been too much indulged in childhood ; they mutually required submission ; every thing was exacted, but nothing was yielded. She was impetuous, but generous ; passionate, but affectionate. He was sullen and selfish, morose and resentful. From their tempers arose petty dissensions ; and these increasing into absolute quarrels, affection soon fled, and aversion succeeded. And you, my Julia, though once anticipated with transport, were baptized with a mother's tears, and beheld without a father's blessing. Your smiles and your endearments I trusted would have rendered her home happier than it had been, and that for the duties of a mother she would have sacrificed the pleasures of the world. But young and lively, neglected by her husband, and admired by others, she

sought a solace for disappointed affection in the joys of dissipation. She had long attracted the attention of him whom you saw yesterday ; but whilst protected by a husband's kindness and respect, he had not presumed to approach her on any other terms than as a friend. When this shield was withdrawn, and when he saw she was alone and undefended, thrown upon the world, to meet the gaze of every eye, he selected her as the object of the basest designs. She loved him, and they fled together. Profligate and abandoned as her husband's conduct had been, he yet sought the reparation due to what he termed his injuries. A public trial was the consequence ; the verdict such as you may suppose ; the damages trifling ; but my sister was lost ! My mother, to whom a stain was a wound, literally never smiled afterwards, and in a few weeks died.

“ You, my beloved Julia, were yet an infant, unconscious of your mother's shame or your father's cruelty. He disclaimed you as his child, and abandoned you. I had no

doubt of the legitimacy of your birth, and I strenuously urged your claims to his affection and his protection. But incensed with your mother, he vowed hatred against her offspring ; and, if I could establish your right to his parental guardianship, that you should only live to feel what an injured husband and father could inflict. I pleaded no more. I took you, my Julia, to my house, to my arms, and retired into a distant county, where the earliest years of your life were passed. I was aware that in time there might arise some misconstructions and misrepresentations, from the responsibility I had assumed ; but I dared them all, hoping that the general tenour of my life would be the best interpreter of my motives ; and that what might appear mysterious to some, would be generously accounted for by others. I felt that I was at least performing a duty ; and my bosom's monitor was at peace. I knew also that your poor mother would derive consolation from your being under my care ; and guilty as she was, she was still my

sister, and still to me an object of affection as well as commiseration. But I am departing from my narrative. Your father sold his estates, and left the kingdom, soon after the event of the trial. He wrote to me previous to his departure, peremptorily insisting that I should change your name, as no Davenport should be disgraced by a child of Matilda's. He further enjoined me not to bring you up with an idea of being his daughter; if I did, he might possibly humour the fancy, and then find ample means of revenge. He concluded by desiring that no application of any kind might be made to him, either on behalf of your mother or yourself; said that he was then quitting a country which he detested, and a people who were equally hateful to him; sincerely hoping that he might never return. In a postscript he desired that I would not indulge your mother by allowing her to see you. I have heard nothing from him since that period, nor have I been able to gain any intelligence whether he be living or dead. But his letter, intend-



ing to disclaim, yet indirectly acknowledging you as his daughter, (or why this last prohibition?) I have carefully preserved. In every point I have followed his injunctions, because I considered them the injunctions of a parent. I changed your name from Davenport to Douglas, and withheld you from your poor mother. When you were first under my care my fortune was very limited; but the sudden death of a beloved brother, who bequeathed to me all his property, enabled me to give you such an education as I thought you entitled to; in order that, if he should ever claim you, your father might find I had fulfilled the duties which he neglected, and acknowledge you with pride as his daughter.

“ My unfortunate sister, released from the ties of her first marriage, flattered herself that she should soon enter into another; but though her seducer loved her, he refused to make that reparation which he had promised and she expected. She had delicacy and principle enough to scorn the degraded situation of mistress, and had the resolution to quit him,



and in retirement endeavour to hide her shame, and I trust make atonement for her crime by penitence. If suffering can assist the expiation, she may look forward with hope to that future state to which she is fast approaching." "Is she then dying?" said Julia, "and shall I not see her?" "When you were young she wished to see you, but I was compelled to refuse her; now she dares not see you." "Dares not see her child! O my aunt, in this feeling what a severe punishment for guilt,—a mother who dares not see her child!" "A few words more, my love," said Mrs. Sinclair, "and I have done. It may appear a useless reserve to you, that I have concealed from you so long the circumstances of your birth. Your childhood I would not perplex by stating them; and the happiness of your youth I could not endure to interrupt by a recital which I thought it was useless for you to know." "May I ask where my mother lives," said Julia, "and if she ever hears of me?" "The first question I wish not to

answer : she hears of you from me ; I believe it to be her only consolation ; and from the bosom of misery, stained as it may be by crime, I could not withhold this drop of balm. Her letters are indeed fraught with woe ; and that which I lately received was more than usually affecting.” “ Have you any resemblance of her ?” asked Julia. Mrs. Sinclair drew from a small cabinet three pictures. “ This,” she said, “ was taken when she was young, innocent, and just on the point of being married, as we then thought, advantageously.” Its expression was animated and sweet ; no corroding thought seemed to have disturbed the cheerful spirit that lighted up the eye, and dimpled the mouth. The next had a pensive character : Julia thought it more touching and more lovely than the first. “ Ah,” sighed Mrs. Sinclair, “ in this we see the first shade of her sorrows. My poor Matilda ! what a treasure would you have been if properly appreciated ! This is the third,” said Mrs. Sinclair. “ How totally changed the

character of the countenance! Worn with care and midnight vigils, art but imperfectly has repaired the ravages of dissipation. "It seems to me totally unlike the former one," said Julia. "It is; for when this was taken she was totally unlike her former self. Examine the features, and you will trace a resemblance; but the soul that gave them expression is changed, and hence the dissimilitude. Here also is a letter, read it at your leisure." Julia took the letter, and looked long and steadfastly on the pictures, till her tears veiled every feature from her view. Mrs. Sinclair returned them into her cabinet.

"Now, Edmund, it only remains for me to address a few words to you. You will not love Julia the less for her mother's guilt; but are you sure that your father's strict and upright principles will not think even the child contaminated by the parent's crime?" "How terrible the supposition!" said Edmund. "It is impossible." "You may impart all to him," said Mrs. Sinclair; "and now I must entreat you to go to the unfortu-

nate man who is at the inn, and tell him that I cannot grant the interview he solicits. I do not like to intrust this commission, even in a note, to a servant."

Mrs. Sinclair had paused many times during this recital, but was anxious to go through with it; and when she concluded, she was so much exhausted that she was obliged to retire to her own room. Julia and Edmund for a time indulged their sympathy and sorrow. Her aunt's suggestion that Mr. Herbert might object to her as his daughter, filled her mind with apprehensions which Edmund could not dissipate: he was not entirely free from them himself; though he hoped, with all a lover's sanguine feelings, that he should be able to overcome every objection, should any be started.

He repaired to the inn, and met the man whose crime he abhorred, but whose sufferings he pitied. He received him as one subdued by sorrow, that sorrow which conscience inflicts upon the perpetrators of guilt: yet in his high and noble aspect he traced

the captivating graces that attract admiration, and in his manner the seducing charms that mislead the affections.

Edmund briefly informed him that he was deputed by Mrs. Sinclair to acquaint him with her inability to see him. "Does she assign no reason, sir?" said Mr. Beverley. "I am not commissioned to give any," he replied; "but the state of her health is a sufficient one, were there no others." "Then you know of others, sir?" he replied quickly. Edmund bowed. Mr. Beverley threw himself into a chair, and sighed deeply. "I presume that you are a confidential friend of Mrs. Sinclair's?" "I am her friend, sir, but I do not boast the honour of her confidence." "May I ask," rejoined Mr. Beverley, "who is the young lady that is with her?" "Miss Douglas." "Are you sure her name is Douglas?" "I have never known her by any other." After a pause, he said, "I beg pardon, sir, for my questions; they may appear to you to imply too much curiosity and impertinence: but her

features so strongly recalled—" He checked himself, and added, "Are you sure that Mrs. Sinclair's answer is definitive?" "I am assured that it is." "Then, sir, I have only to thank you for the trouble you have taken, and her for the delicacy with which she has acted towards an unfortunate man, in intrusting her commission to one who has with so much consideration executed it." Edmund withdrew; and before he had reached the cottage, the equipage of Mr. Beverley passed him, and he was rejoiced to find that he had left the village.

After relating to Mrs. Sinclair the particulars of the interview, he repaired to the Rectory, impatient to have his attachment to Julia sanctioned by his parents, and to gladden the heart of Ellen by the intelligence. He found his father and mother together in the library, and repeated to them all that Mrs. Sinclair had communicated, adding the previous declaration which he had made to her and Julia, and then waited in anxious expectation of the approving smile, the assent-



ing word. In his mother's face he read only a mother's blessing ; but her eyes were soon directed towards his father, who remained in silent thoughtfulness, while his countenance expressed the inward trouble of his soul. Mrs. Sinclair's suspicions rushed across Edmund's mind. "Speak, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "and relieve me from this suspense." "Oh, my son!" replied Mr. Herbert, "would you marry the daughter of one so guilty? who dishonoured her husband, destroyed her mother, and for ever disgraced herself?" "But Julia, my father, Julia is pure, spotless, virtuous." "So was her mother once!" "And must the sins of the mother be visited upon the daughter?" said Edmund, his voice choked by emotion. "You have seen the blameless tenor of her life since she has been at Albany; you have extolled her conduct, you have loved her mind; and can you for a moment suspect the basis of these virtues? can you think them specious, superficial, assumed?" "No, Edmund, I do not think them so. I will



not suppose that the qualities and dispositions of the heart are, like those of the body, hereditary : but leave me, Edmund, for a time ; I wish to consider the subject, and talk with your mother." "Let me know your decision, sir, as soon as possible," said Edmund, "for I cannot endure this suspense ;" and he went to his own room to conceal the perturbation of his mind, and to avoid Ellen, whom he feared to afflict by a knowledge of his anxiety.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Herbert said to his wife, "This subject we ought seriously and deeply to consider." "Most assuredly," she replied, "for in it the happiness or misery of the best of sons is involved." "I understand from that, Maria, what your feelings are ; but in so important a case as this they must not be our sole guides : let us weigh every argument well : Julia's peculiar situation ; her unfortunate mother ; and being disclaimed by her father, which casts upon her the stigma of doubtful birth ; my son's profession, his family, hitherto uncon-

taminated by any connection that could cause a blush.....” “ Oh, my dear William,” interrupted his wife, “ Julia is not tarnished by her mother’s guilt, or her farther’s injustice, and it would be cruel to act as if she were. We know how amiable she is ; how carefully, how virtuously she has been brought up under the best of aunts : no weak indulgences have spoiled her temper ; no ill examples corrupted her heart : we have seen how strictly, how cheerfully, how conscientiously she performs every duty ; and not content merely with those which her situation enjoins, she seeks occasion to benefit her fellow-creatures, and to do good where she can. Once you thought with delight of her as your daughter.” “ True, Maria ; and Julia individually considered, or as connected only with Mrs. Sinclair, I should take to my heart with pride : but I cannot forget her mother’s disgrace, nor immediately silence my objections to an alliance with one whom Julia and my son must blush to own, and we to name. I have no ‘ pride of an-

cestry,' Maria, but as it may be dignified by honour and virtue." "And where, my dear husband, have you ever seen honour and virtue more beautifully blended than in Julia? If it were possible for me to suppose that she was even born with the same propensities to indiscretion that caused her mother's ruin, I should still think that the education which she has received, the example which has constantly been before her, and the virtuous habits in which she has been trained, have entirely exterminated every thing evil ; and that she would not, *could* not be led into vice." "You argue warmly, my dear Maria." "But, I fear, you think, not reasonably. I argue as a mother, and a woman, and as a virtuous one, I hope, but one who would not punish the innocent for the guilty : on this side I plead for Julia ; for her mother I feel pity ; and though I abhor and condemn her crime, yet, from the relation given by Mrs. Sinclair, there are many circumstances that excite my compassion. Her unfortunate union with a man of

ungovernable temper, dissolute morals, and capricious conduct, rendered her home unquiet, exposed her to temptations, and alienated her affections. The mind and manners of the husband very much influence, if not form, those of the wife; and I think we should see few instances of connubial infelicity, and still fewer of connubial transgression, if the husband were as assiduous to preserve the affections of his wife, as he was to gain them. But indifference will chill, unkindness wound, and neglect alienate them; and she, possibly, whom dangers would not have intimidated or difficulties overcome, is dismayed by a frown and broken-hearted by a word. Thus agonized and disappointed, unless sustained by the pride of virtue, or supported by the staff of religion, she becomes a prey to disquietude, yields to complainings, and perhaps sinks into the very errors she laments. In thus accusing your sex, my dear William, I mean not to offer a defence for mine, but merely to trace the origin of that

unhappiness which we too often see in married life, and which leads to the most fatal consequences. Sin has many shades ; yet no gloss, no palliation can render its aspect fair, nor am I endeavouring to make it appear so; but may I not detest the guilt, and compassionate the guilty ? Sincerely do I pity her who forfeits the greatest ornament of woman, who falls from her ‘ high estate : ’ but to her who resisted temptation, and patiently endured those evils of domestic life which I have been describing, I would erect an altar, and think her the proudest boast of my sex.”

“ I cannot, my dear Maria, censure those amiable feelings which lean to the side of mercy ; for I have observed that the purest minds are always the most inclined to feel for errors which they would be incapable of committing ; and that the most severe in their condemnation of others are the most indulgent to themselves. But whither do your arguments tend ? ”

“ Thus far, my dear husband, I have endeavoured to plead the cause of Julia, by

softening your feelings towards her unhappy mother, who, however great her guilt, has not abandoned herself to it. Though we must blush to name her, let us not forget her penitence, her voluntary banishment from the world, and her determined resignation of her betrayer ; these are atonements such as a Christian only could make, and let us hope that Heaven will accept them as an expiation. O my dear William ! is it for me to talk thus to you, for me to argue, for me to plead ? But whilst all the sacred claims of a mother are pressing on my heart, and I remember that a son is now waiting for our decision to sanction his dearest earthly hopes, I cannot restrain my feelings.” “ Go on, Maria,” said Mr. Herbert smiling at her affectionately, whilst his eyes were suffused with tears ; “ the spirit of truth, of purity and mercy, flows from your lips, and I love to listen to it.” “ And now,” she resumed, “ I must speak of my son, his love for Julia, whom I think every way worthy of his love—and if *I* can say this, you may know



how high is my opinion of her. Remember how nobly he once sacrificed his wishes to ours: his youthful ardour desired a military life; but when he knew our objections to it, when he saw how bowed we both were by our calamities, did he not resign his wishes without a murmur, and direct the ambition of his soul to other pursuits? to attain that pre-eminence by study, which he vainly wished for in the field of martial glory? And shall we do nothing for him, who has done so much for us? Shall we not make some sacrifice? one of opinions, and fears, and feelings, which would oppose his happiness, and perhaps undermine his existence? Let us not require from him another sacrifice, and one so great as that of the affections, when the object of them is in every respect so amiable! Speak, my dear husband.” “Go on, Maria,” he again said: but she observed his countenance resuming all its expression of benignity, and she continued: “If I cannot persuade you to adopt my opinions, let me not prevail upon you to act contrary to

your own ; let me not owe to entreaty that which I wish to gain by argument. Julia is deserving of my son, and in the fullest confidence would *I* intrust to her his happiness." "Then will I," replied Mr. Herbert, holding out both his hands. "I did perhaps indulge a *prejudice*, a narrow-hearted and cold-blooded prejudice, that was as unjust as it was illiberal." "No, William, not quite so : your objections arose from the purest principles and the most honourable feelings ; and though they might partake of prejudice, it was the prejudice of a strictly virtuous mind," "Whatever were my opinions and objections, Maria, you have conquered them ; and the son shall be rewarded by the mother, to whose happiness he once yielded up his own inclination. Julia shall be his—he has my entire consent."

How did the heart of the mother rejoice to have obtained it ! Edmund was sent for, and his wishes received the sanction of his parents, and the fond participation of Ellen. He flew to Julia ;—she held out her hand in

doubt and tenderness ; he clasped her to his heart, and the tender epithet “ my own ” confirmed her hopes.

The hours now flew rapidly on the wings of love and friendship ; every heart seemed happy, except that of Bertha, whom Ellen sometimes surprised in tears. They thought she might be weary of her studies ; but she applied herself to them more assiduously than ever : they thought she might wish to return home, or to see her family ; but she clung more closely to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Ellen. Whatever was the cause, she seemed anxious to conceal it : they forbore further scrutiny, trusting that a little time, or her own exertions, and the constant employment of her mind, would overcome it ; and in a little time her returning cheerfulness proved that the victory was gained.

Mrs. Sinclair’s health gradually recovered, and her spirits revived in witnessing the happiness of those around her, and particularly of two beings whom she loved so fondly as she did, Edmund and Julia.

The gossip of the village was more busy than ever ; never had such marvellous and mysterious circumstances occurred at Albany, and the less that was known the more was asserted. Curiosity was in every eye, conjecture on every tongue. All that had transpired at the church had been canvassed and commented upon, causes assigned and conclusions formed, according to the wishes or liberality of the speaker. Mrs. Sinclair's illness, the stranger's messages to the White Cottage, and Edmund's visit to him at the inn, were variously discussed and accounted for.

"It strikes me," said Mrs. Hopkins, "that he is the father of Miss Douglas, and, seeing her such a fine girl, wishes now to take the care of her himself. I only wonder that he did not get her away by force; which is what Mrs. Sinclair feared, as I know she kept her locked up in her closet the whole time he staid." "She need not have feared that," replied Mrs. Foster ; "for he could not have taken her away without the

mother's consent, and he dared not use force. In law, a father has no right over his illegitimate children, they are the property of the mother, poor things! Therefore Mrs. Sinclair had nothing to be afraid of,—if Miss Douglas is her daughter, as you insinuate,—though I do not believe any such thing, or I am sure I would not visit her, and I wonder you do, if you have such an opinion of her.” “Why, as to that—we should not be so very particular; and if I did not visit her I should affront Lady Wills, who does—it would be quite an insult to her ladyship if I refused.” “And to Miss Anna Maria also,” said Mrs. Foster sneeringly. “I think, when Captain Conway was at the Cottage you went there with her very often?” “As to that, Mrs. Foster, it is neither here nor there; that was my business.” “Yes,” replied Mrs. Foster, *speaking her mind*, “it did not seem to be his, I must confess.” “Nor is it yours,” said Mrs. Hopkins angrily: “so good morning.”

These village gossips, though they gene-

rally quarrelled when they met, could not live long apart ; and their little controversies were so frequent and habitual, that the impression they left upon the mind of each evaporated soon, and in an hour's time they would meet as the best friends in the world.

Mrs. Hopkins, not contented with her own verbal remarks, wrote to Anna Maria a voluminous account of the whole affair.

“ Very strange events have happened, my sweet young friend, during the last week, very strange indeed ! as you shall hear, and then judge for yourself ; for I cannot presume to form an opinion ; neither would I for the universe, lest I should seem uncharitable : but I do believe at last it will be found out that Miss Douglas is the daughter of Mrs Sinclair, though the Bishop of —— did visit them—for they *do* say he was once in love with her himself : not that I know of any harm that happened from this attachment, only we may suppose he feels a kindness for her still, and so is rather indulgent : but I am sure I



don't mean to be illiberal, and I am keeping you a long time in suspense.

“ Last Sunday, in the middle of service a stranger came into the church. He was very much muffled up, and it struck me directly that he was somebody in disguise—as he afterwards proved. By what I could see of his face, which was not much, on account of the capes of his great coat, he seemed I thought middle-aged, very pale, and very ill-looking. He was put in the pew next to Mrs. Sinclair. The sermon was on a very unpleasant subject, and not at all to my mind ; it is a very disagreeable thing to read about as well as to hear, and Mr. Herbert treated it in a shocking way. Poor Mrs. Sinclair certainly disliked it very much, as did every one else. However, I could not see into her pew ; but presently there was a great bustle in the church, for she had fainted, and the stranger was holding and hugging her in his arms, and seemed very much to pity her.

Miss Douglas took on sadly, and Mr.

Edmund Herbert went directly to *her* assistance. (I have a great deal to tell you about *them*.) He desired the stranger to go away, which he said he would not, and dropped some expressions I don't like to repeat. Very high words took place. At last, however, the strange gentleman did go—and Mrs. Sinclair was carried home. She was very ill, and locked up Miss Douglas lest the man (her father) should take her off; for he sent several messages to the Cottage, desiring to have his daughter. Mr. Edmund Herbert at last went to him; they had a long conversation, and he prevailed upon the stranger to go away, and Miss Douglas was set at liberty.

“ You cannot think how much noise this affair has made at Albany. Mrs. Sinclair has not held up her head since. Poor thing! I do not wonder that she feels shame. But I am sure I pity her; though I would not visit her if it was not upon your account, my dear, and for the sake of a certain person you know, who, though I cannot learn any thing

about him..... and I own, if I did not fear to distress you by saying it, something strikes me that we shall not hear any thing more from that quarter; there is no dependence to be placed upon those very young men. But I do not like to say positively that we shall not hear, only I think it right to prepare your mind for it. However, there is no doubt but a great many handsome men—as handsome as the person I allude to—would be glad to be your humble servant, and you have only to look kind to have any one you wish. I have my reasons for saying this. Mr. Edmund Herbert is very soon going to be married to Miss Douglas. Mrs. Sinclair has settled it quite in a hurry, and told him, if he would have her, and marry her directly, that she would give her something handsome. And he has consented; for a young man with no expectations must not be particular. The reason for this haste is, that she may have a legal protector in case the father comes for her. They are to live with Mrs. Sinclair. And now, my dear, I will release

you from my long chat ; but I thought you would like to know how we are all going on. Mrs. Foster is really quite ridiculous : she will not believe Miss Douglas is daughter to Mrs. Sinclair : but she is the most tiresome disagreeable woman in the world, and is constantly hurting my feelings by *speaking her mind*, as she calls it. She has no nerves as we have.

“I had nearly forgotten to mention that your old favourite Josephus is returned from sea, and will be at home a few weeks while his ship is in dock refitting. He is just made lieutenant ; and though I say it who should not say it, he is grown one of the finest young men, to my mind, that I ever saw, and is thought by every body in this family as handsome as a certain person we know. He was always a fine boy, a little wild perhaps ; but for my part I like spirit in a young man, though I did not wish my only son to go to sea. He remembers you, and hopes you remember him. Poor fellow ! I know a little more about that than I like to tell.

He asks me if you are as pretty as ever ; but I will say no more. Adieu, my dear ! With compliments from Mr. Hopkins and my young folks to all your worthy family,

“ I remain

“ Your affectionate friend and servant,

“ JANE HOPKINS.

“ P. S. Any patterns of bonnets or tippets or ridicules, approved of by your taste, will be very useful to us ; for in the country it is really impossible to know what to wear, or how to look at all fashionable or decent. Should you have any left-off hats or caps, or gowns, which you don't choose to give to your maid, my young ladies will be much pleased to have them ; for they like every thing the better for having been worn by you. We have most excellent receipts for dyeing ; and I often think we make an old thing look better than new.”

Joseph Hopkins was a tall raw-boned athletic man, about seven-and-twenty years of age, of a very dark complexion, had a great

quantity of black bushy hair and prodigious whiskers ; large gray eyes and a wide mouth ; and his manners were as uncouth as his person. When a youth, he was so unsettled and extravagant, and betrayed so many wild propensities, that his parents thought it best to send him to sea, where he would be kept under proper subordination, removed from the various temptations that assailed him on land, and saved from disgrace and ruin. His vices were rather the effect of early indulgence than real depravity. He was not deficient in courage, nor was he averse to the sea: he conducted himself very well when on board, spent all his money when on land, and became a true English sailor,—frank, careless, and brave. Anna Maria, disliking the plain name Joseph, when they met as girl and boy, used to call him Josephus. Mrs. Hopkins though a foolish was a politic mother ;—she humoured her children in their whims, but weighed well every chance that might advance them in life ; and scrupled not by any means to effect what.



might be advantageous to their worldly interests. Few as were the personal attractions of Joseph, rough and unpolished as were his manners, she suddenly conceived the idea that Anna Maria, "the weeping willow," of whose pliability of disposition she had had many proofs, might be bent to her wishes, and confer herself and her four thousand pounds on her son. Of Conway she had but little expectation; and her interference in that business was rather to establish herself in the favour of Anna Maria, and to gain access to the Mansion on the most familiar and easy terms, than for any other reason. But now her interest and that of her son were concerned, and she resolved to leave no stragem untried to gain for Joseph the daughter of a baronet with four thousand pounds, with more at her father's death.

Joseph's remarks, as he made his inquiries respecting the village, and the family of Sir Thomas, did not much encourage her hopes. "So, Lavinia is not married? Well, for my part, she was such a fool, I should have

wondered if any man had fancied her. Sacharissa was terribly mangled by that tumble from her horse ; nobody has taken her off, I dare say. And Anna Maria, that white-faced red-haired girl, I'll bet a glass of grog to a quid of tobacco, is just as I left her." "O fy, Joseph! how can you speak so of her? she who used to call you Josephus, and was so fond of you!" "Yes, fond of me enough, with her palaver and Josephus;—I hate such nonsense, and such fair-weather girls." "I can assure you she is grown very pretty, and admired by every body ; and they have all four thousand pounds apiece." "Good luck for some of them, I'll warrant," said Joseph ; "for, except Lavinia, who to be sure was a great beauty, though she might be also a great fool, I never saw a set of worse-looking, white-faced girls in my life. What's Bertha, pray? She was a little roguish-looking dark thing ; but I believe she was not often upon deck, she was kept in the hatchway, wasn't she? Yet I think she promised to be the best of the bunch."

“O dear, no, she is nothing like Anna Maria, nor the rest.” “So much the better. I tell you, mother, I don’t like such fair delicate things.” “Well, Joseph, but when you have seen Anna Maria you will say quite differently. She has often mentioned you; and, I can tell you, will be very glad to see you again.” “’May be so, but I don’t care that,” snapping his fingers, “if I never see her again. However, here I am for a few weeks, so you may take me in tow as you like. I am ready for any attack.”

Mrs. Hopkins did not think that her son in any respect resembled Captain Conway, or could be put in competition with him; but she knew that a lover present has greater advantages than a lover absent; and she flattered herself that she had address enough to persuade Joseph to be in love, and influence enough to convince Anna Maria that he was; and of her sympathy and pity she entertained no doubts. Her plans were laid, and she anxiously waited the return of the Baronet’s family to complete them, pre-

viously preparing Joseph in what he was to say and to do. But he was as untoward in the school of love and flattery, as he ever had been in any other, and would say "Faith, mother, I cannot tell the girl she is pretty if I don't think so ; and hang me if I shall think her so, if she is like what she was ! And as for telling her I love her, that's what I won't do. So say no more about it. I dare say I know girls I like a hundred times better." "But not with 4000*l.* Joseph." "What's her 4000*l.* to me, mother ? Why, I can plough the ocean and get ten times that sum, perhaps. However, say what you will, if I don't like the girl I won't have her." "Bless my heart, Joseph, who talked of your having her ?" "I am sure I never thought of such a thing. Miss Anna Maria Wills, a Baronet's daughter, why, she would never think of you, an apothecary's son, and a sailor !" "Well then, if she be too proud to think of me, an apothecary's son, and a sailor, hang me if I will think of her ! and so there's an end of

it. I am come home to be comfortable, and I don't want to take upon me the command of a wife." "No easy matter that, Joe," said Mr. Hopkins significantly. "I can see that plain enough, father," replied he winking.

Mrs. Hopkins did not expect this opposition to her schemes ; but, as she found her son more obstinate than she imagined, she thought it best to let the affair rest here, and wait the effect of the young lady's personal charms, endearing manners, and 4000*l.*, when she returned to Albany, taking only occasional opportunities of endeavouring to interest each party for the other. She thought that Anna Maria was ductile as wax to the impression of flattery and love, and she could not think that a man who had been so long at sea as Joseph had could be very particular about beauty, notwithstanding all he said ; she therefore thought her plans would ultimately and easily be accomplished.

It was now the beginning of June. Mrs. Sinclair found herself extremely weak and

languid; and having several times derived great benefit from sea-air and sea-bathing, she was advised again to have recourse to it.

“We may as well unite pleasure with health,” she said—“Perhaps, Julia, Edmund and Ellen will accompany us. Employ your eloquence to persuade the former, and I will use mine to gain the latter.” The plan was proposed, and readily agreed to. To Ellen it was replete with novelty; for she had never travelled beyond thirty miles from Albany, and had never seen the world of waters! She expressed some reluctance to going, on account of leaving her mother. “But I am here,” said Bertha, “and I will supply your place as well as I can: would that I could be an Ellen!” —“But your family will soon return, Bertha, and then you must go home, perhaps?” “Oh, no,” she replied with a sigh, “they can spare me longer. I will not leave your mother, Ellen, whilst you are absent, and I am sure I shall be permitted to stay.”

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were happy to



grant their daughter the indulgence requested, and every thing was arranged. A postchariot with a barouche seat accommodated the happy party, and two servants with their luggage followed in a postchaise.

Brighton was the place of their destination, not from any local preference, but because the Bishop of —— was then there. On his friendship Mrs. Sinclair had long relied, to his opinions she had often made appeal, and by his counsel had been guided; and she now particularly wished to see him.

When the morning arrived for leaving Albany, every eye was dim, and every heart sad. It is not possible for a separation from those we love, under circumstances of the most sanguine expectations of novelty and amusement, to be marked by cheerfulness. The tears that were shed, and the blessings given, both by those who were on the wing of pleasure, and those who remained in peaceful security at home, might have appeared to a stranger the effusions of sorrow and painful solicitude, instead of the warm

and tender ebullitions of the purest and most delightful affection. With many an injunction to Ellen to write often, the parents at length gave her their last kiss: they watched the carriage to the remotest winding of the road, and Bertha's handkerchief waved her last adieu. Each of the home party made an exertion for the sake of the other, and in time regained the cheerfulness which at first was only assumed. Yet Ellen's voice and Ellen's smile were often wished for by the fond parents, much as they loved Bertha, and assiduous as she was to please and divert them; but their Edmund's loss was a blank which no one could supply. In a few days letters arrived; and in the animated descriptions and affectionate expressions of the writers their spirits revived, their minds were amused, and their hearts were soothed.

To Ellen all was new, and her heart throbbed with expectation as they approached the coast; but no words can describe her wonder

and delight when at a sudden turning the sea burst upon her view! Her friends had been watching to see in her ingenuous and expressive countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of her feelings; and when they saw the sudden glow of surprise, the quick illumination of her eye, they understood every emotion of her bosom. The house that Mrs. Sinclair had engaged was immediately fronting the sea: Ellen thought she never could be weary of gazing on the waves, and listening to their hoarse murmur as they broke upon the shingles. Deficient as Brighton is in sylvan beauties, yet the boldness of its shore, and the elasticity of the air, are in few places superior.

The extensive chain of hills called the South Downs struck her with admiration; and as her foot pressed their velvet surface, as her eye wandered over their irregular outline, and as she inhaled the spirit of their breezes, she thought of Charlotte Smith's beautiful Sonnet addressed to them. It was

thus, by the recollection and application of a practical description, or allusion, that Ellen frequently heightened her pleasures and embellished her enjoyments. But though she loved to indulge in fancy, the ballast of good sense kept her steadily in the path of propriety ; and whatever she betrayed in the expression of her feelings, no “splendid eccentricities” marked her conduct. Her devotion was cheerful, her gratitude unbounded. She believed herself one of the most fortunate of human beings in situation and connection, for she felt herself one of the happiest ; and she adored with humility and thankfulness the fountain whence all her blessings sprang. The sky, the earth, the whole face of nature, she surveyed with pious rapture. The carol of the birds, the hum of the “insect tribe,” seemed to her the notes of praise and joy ; the flowers that bloomed, the dews that refreshed them, and even the very air which she breathed, seemed to be filled with the Divinity ; and she would frequently exclaim

in the language of one of her favourite poets—

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good !  
Almighty ! thine this universal frame  
Thus wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous then !”

Thus blending with the purity of religious sentiments the feelings of a poetical imagination, she found perpetual occasion to admire and to adore.

In her first letter to her father she wrote, “ What a sublime and awful spectacle is the sea ! I feel, as I walk along the beach, that in a moment I should be overwhelmed and swept away, but for that restraining power which said ‘ Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ Surely no object in the world can give us such high conceptions of Omnipotence as this ! When I approach the waves, and permit them to touch my feet, I am astonished at my presumption, till I recollect Him whose way is in the sea, and whose paths are in the great waters.”

As they one day stood upon the summit of a hill, and observed the Isle of Wight like a cloud in the horizon ; Edmund, who had been there, spoke of its beautiful scenery, and, by his descriptions, excited in Mrs. Sinclair and Julia a wish to visit it. The bishop had left Brighton ; and as he was the magnet which had attracted them to the place, and Mrs. Sinclair's health was much better, no inducement existed for them to remain longer, and she expressed a desire to extend her excursion to " the beautiful isle," for the gratification of her little party as well as herself ; for she enhanced her own pleasures in proportion as she contributed to those of others. Edmund was appointed sole guide and director of this excursion ; an office in which he readily engaged, proposing Portsmouth as the place of embarkation. They proceeded along the coast to Worthing, from thence to Arundel, whose ancient castle told " a tale of the times of old," of feudal terror, and feudal grandeur. Julia and Edmund, occupied by tenderer interests than



any excited by the relics of antiquity, and indulging in anticipation rather than retrospection, smiled at Ellen, who, when

“The embattled portal arch she pass’d,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had oft roll’d back the tide of war,”

exclaimed, “I seem to be entering ‘Norham’s castled steep.’ Look, Julia, look, Edmund, there are

‘The battled tower, the donjon keep,’  
The loophole grates where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep.’ ”

“And here are the captives,” said Edmund laughing. Ellen approached the spot, where some huge large German owls were confined, whose large round eyes glared upon her from a hole in the “donjon keep,” and made her retire a few paces back in surprise and alarm. Leaving Arundel, they made a little digression from the public road to see Goodwood, a magnificent seat, finely situated in an extensive park, and commanding very beautiful views of sea and land. From hence

the Isle of Wight forms a fine feature in the distance. They visited the Pheasantry in a little picturesque valley—Ellen fancied it a miniature resemblance of the happy valley of Abyssinia, inhabited by a splendid race of gold and silver pheasants, the old feeder of which apologized for the appearance of one that seemed a favourite, begging they would “excuse her looking rather rough, as she was moulting.” Mrs. Sinclair smiled, and observed to Ellen, that whatever is an object of our care and attention becomes one also of our pride and tenderness. At Chichester they visited the cathedral, a structure neither grand nor beautiful, but containing a few interesting monuments, particularly one by Flaxman to the memory of Collins the poet, who was a native of the city. He is described in a bending posture, his chin resting in the palm of his hand, and his brow expressive of deep and painful meditation. A scroll on which is inscribed “The Passions” lies at his feet. They could not contemplate this fine delineation of mental dejection and

human suffering, both in the attitude and countenance, without sentiments of sorrow and compassion.

From Chichester they proceeded to Portsmouth, and examined the dock-yard, where the vast naval preparations, and the wonderful ingenuity displayed in mechanic art, amused them some hours. The next morning Edmund engaged a small vessel, which he thought would appear safer to the party than a boat ; and having previously ordered accommodations at Ryde, they embarked for the little island. The novel scenes and situations into which they were plunged, were thus discussed by Ellen in a letter to her parents :

“ You, my beloved parents, to whom I owe all the pleasures of my past life, will read with an affectionate and lively interest those which mark this present hour ; will participate in every enjoyment, and view in imagination every scene I describe. To friends so attached to each individual of our little party I am anxious to write every particular of our

excursion, without a fear of being thought too trifling in description or too prolix in detail. I will commence from the time we were at Portsmouth waiting for our vessel, and observing the business of the shore, which greatly interested us all. Several regiments were embarking for Portugal; the bustle, the agitation of the scene, engaged all our attention. One transport seemed to be filled: the deck was crowded with soldiers and sailors, the sails were spread, and the full band was playing Rule, Britannia! Many perhaps were bidding their native land an adieu for ever. In some other ships just arrived were the relics of many brave fellows who had already fought: one leg or one arm only remained to each of them. Julia could not restrain her tears, and Mrs. Sinclair and myself were also deeply affected. 'Poor Conway!' she said, 'such is glory! such is war!' I thought with Uncle Toby, It is one thing to march bravely with drums and trumpets and colours flying about his ears, and 'tis another thing to reflect on the mis-

ries of war ; 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels, and 'tis another thing to scatter cypress. Edmund, seeing how greatly both Mrs. Sinclair and Julia were touched with the scene, hurried us on board the little vessel prepared for us.

“ If when I first beheld the sea I was impressed with awe, and almost trembled lest I should be swept away by its waves, think what must be my sensations when a few planks only separated me from the deep abyss ! I reflected upon the temerity of him who first launched his little boat, and made ‘ his path upon the great waters,’ and it seemed to me as presumptuous and as daring as if he had played with a thunderbolt. The tranquillity of my companions, to whom a sail was no novelty, soon calmed my apprehensions, and I began to look around and to enjoy. There could not have been a more favourable day for an inexperienced and timid sailor to make a first voyage ; there literally was ‘ not a breeze the blue waves to curl,’ but a brilliant sun illumined every

object. Our beloved companions had recovered their serenity : every tumult of the heart had ceased, and every thought was peaceful as the waves. Our progress was slow, but it seemed to none of us tedious : we had all much to observe and to comment upon ; but even if we had not, the captivating powers of Mrs. Sinclair's conversation would have beguiled the time, and embellished the scene. The ships at Spithead form a noble spectacle : it was like a city upon the sea ; a city of masts, not ' of spires !' We at last made our way through *this city* ; and, after being nearly six hours on our passage, seeing the light-oared boats fly past our tardy vessel, a breeze sprang up : we skimmed rapidly through the waves, (the little island growing every moment upon our sight,) and landed at Ryde, a small neat town, sloping down a high hill to the water's side. The approach to this place is particularly pretty. The shore is richly wooded, even to the very edge of the water ; and the trees seem rather to woo the caresses of old



Neptune, than to turn coyly from him as at Brighton. In the evening we walked out; Mrs. Sinclair had the support of my arm, leaving our happy Edmund to attend Julia. The country about this place is soft and reposing, shady and sheltering; and though the hill upon which the town stands is steep, there is nothing bold or grand. The sea is a very fine object; and the shipping at Spithead, and the Hampshire coast, appear to be within the reach of a giant's arm.

“ Our first day's excursion was to East and West Cowes, stopping in our way at Norris Castle, and another seat at a short distance from it, each heightening the effect of the other by the force of contrast. The first is in the style of the plain strong baronial castle, situated on a high point of the cliff; every thing in the grounds and outbuildings in fine keeping with the castle itself. The other a fanciful and ornamented castellated edifice, a kind of modern antique, with cultivated walks and garden, and beautifully situated. Our road to these places

was very picturesque : for a few miles we travelled through a wood, winding wildly and irregularly ; every break and turning presenting some fine view of distant wood and water ; deep and rapid descents, not tremendous, but sufficiently sudden to make my *turnpike heart* flutter. We dined at East Cowes, a place beautiful at a distance, but without any charm in itself, except what it derives from the sea. Our mode of travelling here is in sociables, upon a strong construction to bear the roughness of the roads : the horses and drivers, equally accustomed to the hills, are equally patient. A little ‘*chay boy*,’ as he is called, sits behind, in order to be ready to run forward and open the gates, which are very numerous. To-morrow we go to Newport, where I shall again address you in the journal style ; for in every place you live in our hearts and thoughts, and the only wish we can form is, that you, my beloved parents, and our dear Bertha were with us.”

Ellen continued her narrative from New-

port, which she described as “a small town, though the *metropolis* of the island, with no other beauty than neatness. The country around it is hilly and picturesque; but the principal feature is Carisbrooke Castle, situated on a fine eminence about a mile from the town. Here poor King Charles the First was confined, and here his daughter Elizabeth died. We were shown the window (the frame only) whence it is said that the unfortunate monarch attempted to make his escape; but finding it too small to admit his body, he was compelled to return to his prison; and we saw the room in which the princess breathed her last. I could not reflect upon the situation of the king without a sigh of sympathy, and thought, If such be the fate of monarchs,

‘Then happy low lie down,

‘Uneasy is the head that wears a crown.’

“In the church at Newport is the grave of the princess: a simple black marble (on which are inscribed her name and age) alone

distinguishes the spot. The ruins of the castle are neither in form nor architecture particularly fine. They exhibit strength and extent, and the situation is truly magnificent, overlooking the village of Carisbrooke, with its church rising above the houses. The gate is of perfect Saxon architecture; plain but grand. One of the curiosities at Carisbrooke is the well, three hundred feet in depth, and from which an ass draws the water. Its predecessor died at a good old age, being upwards of fifty, and was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, who ordered him a *penny roll* every day, as a reward for his labours. I do not know whether, in this donation, his grace consulted his own taste or that of the animal; but unless an ass be a man, as a man is logically said to be an ass, I should think a feed of oats would have been better relished by the object of his bounty.

“ Our beloved Mrs. Sinclair is so much better, that she enjoys every thing, except the power of walking, as much as we do..

She feels however so satisfied with the steady drivers and horses, all accustomed to the roads, that she moves from place to place in full assurance of safety. I never saw her spirits so good: the happiness of Julia seems to be her own; and her attachment to Edmund is only surpassed by that which his parents and sister feel for him. You only can judge how much my pride and affection are gratified by the distinguished approbation which he receives from her, whom I consider the first of women: but on this subject my pen would never be weary, and I could forget there is any other to engage it."

Ellen continued her letter at night.

"The beauty of this evening induced us to visit Carisbrooke Castle.

‘ If you would view fair Melrose aright,

‘ Go visit it by the pale moon-light—’

and so thought I of Carisbrooke. Mrs. Sinclair was engaged in writing; and Julia, Edmund, and myself, took the foot-path

which leads to the ruins. Never was there a finer evening. The moon shone in unclouded splendour. We walked round the broad terrace, nearly a mile in length : the curfew of the village church was tolling ‘ the knell of parting day ; ’ it was eight o’clock, and that at Newport repeated the signal : it ceased, every thing was silent, not a leaf moved ; all nature seemed at rest ; the grasshoppers appeared the only living things, or at least the only waking ones, except ourselves. The castle was a scene of heavy repose ; the huge masses of its walls and turrets, illumined by the rays of the moon, or reflected in dark shadow, were ‘ storied o’er ’ with the ivy of many centuries, and told ‘ a tale awful and impressive.’ We enjoyed the scene for above an hour, and then returned to the inn ; but I could not sleep till I had communicated to those I love the pleasure I have enjoyed.”

Ellen in continuation.

“ Edmund today procured a ticket of admission to Appeldercombe, a gentleman’s



seat, situated in a green valley : a hanging wood majestically clothes one side, and behind rises a very bold hill, with an obelisk at the top : from this spot is seen a panoramic view of the island ; but the features are too much mingled and confused, and too imperfect, from distance, to be particularly pleasing. No part of this house is so fine as to exclude the idea of comfort ; and even I, your little humble Ellen, felt that I could have enjoyed it all ; and, like Theresa or Pamela, should not have found it too much for me.

“ As we intended returning to Newport by moon-light, we took some cold provision with us ; and after spending some hours in the house and grounds, we withdrew to a green and sheltered spot near a farm-house, where we had left the carriage, and had spread our simple repast, when a little rosy boy ran up to us to beg we would go into the house. We had scarcely time to answer, before the farmer’s wife herself came to make the request, and with that earnestness which proved how genuine was the wish

that prompted her invitation. Mrs. Sinclair, who being herself all social benevolence understands perfectly the feelings that induce a kindness or a courtesy, could not endure to wound those of the farmer's wife by a refusal; and though I think we might all have preferred the spot we had chosen beneath the blue canopy of heaven, and on nature's own green carpet, to a close and dark room; yet, without a moment's hesitation, she gracefully and cheerfully accepted the invitation; and our sandwiches were removed to a clean deal table in the farmer's kitchen. Though we were amply provided with all we wished for, yet our hostess would produce some of her own bread, beer, and butter; and 'so gaily pressed and smiled,' that a person must have been made of 'sterner stuff' than we were, to have rejected her offers. Her husband soon came in from the fields, and welcomed the strangers with the same hearty civility. His countenance, 'brown with meridian toil,' was unwrinkled by care; and in his open blue eye we read

the language of an honest heart. They urged us to stay tea ; and as we wished to explore a little further on foot, we accepted the invitation ; and were regaled with hot rolls on our return from our ramble. We parted from the good farmer and his wife with mutual expressions of gratitude. The favour seemed to have been reciprocal. They were delighted with the affability, condescension, and conversation of Mrs. Sinclair ; and we with having met with an instance of that genuine hospitality with which it is said this island abounds.

“Nearly opposite the farm-house is a little hill, whimsically planted with rows of hawthorn in various directions. We learned that it was the fancy of some Uncle Toby, who once resided there, and designed to represent the position of his company during some particular battle in which he was engaged. We all returned home well pleased with our day. Edmund has ordered accommodation for us at Yarmouth, and we go thither tomorrow to breakfast, and intend

afterwards visiting the western extremity of the island, Alum Bay and the Needles."

While Mrs. Sinclair amused herself in writing or reading, or reflecting upon the scenes she had visited ; whilst Julia and Edmund found still dearer employment for their thoughts and feelings, in conversation the most interesting to each other ; Ellen continued her journal narrative to her father and mother from Yarmouth.

"Today we visited the Needles, the terror of our mariners. I feel that my powers of description are too feeble to convey to the imagination a true picture of the sublime scenes I have witnessed, but I must attempt to give you some idea of them. Imagine, for a mile at least, a high projection of the finest down, terminating in a point of 663 feet in height, and overlooking the three rocks called the Needles. These rocks are in rather a pyramidal form, white as alabaster, and have certainly been separated from the cliff. My dizzy head turned, at the height on which I stood. As I looked

from the cliff, a vessel with two sails appeared like a moth upon the sea, and a small boat with oars like a little crab. I never beheld a scene so vast, so awful, so sublime; and we all said that, if this were the only object in the island, it would repay any one for the journey. Upon the cliff, and as near the end as it could safely be built, is a handsome light-house, to warn the ships of the perils of this dangerous track. We heard many melancholy stories of shipwreck, that filled us all with horror, and which had a heightened effect as we looked upon the spot where so many vessels, and ‘doubtless some brave creatures in them,’ had perished. The cliffs of Alum Bay, which is on one side of this promontory, present a great variety of colours; the amber and red predominate, and, mixed with the sparry white of others, have a very fine effect. The whole range of the cliffs here is full of grandeur of form, and beauty of colouring. From hence we went to Freshwater Bay, to see a cavern formed by the force of the tide;

but as it was then in, we were compelled to leave this object of curiosity unexamined. There are here some large pieces of rock standing in the sea at some distance from the cliff, that look terrific, in one of which is a naturally-formed arch; and both are sufficiently grotesque to excite attention. We returned to Yarmouth to dinner, and in the evening walked on the ramparts of the castle overlooking the sea. Yarmouth itself and its immediate vicinity possess no peculiar beauty: but we are very comfortably accommodated; and happy in each other, we are disposed to be pleased with every thing we meet with."

The next night Ellen continued.

"We have passed the day in rambling about without any distinct object. We traversed many miles south-west, over extensive downs, wild, rude, and rugged in form, and commanding fine views of sea and land, of cliffs and hills. We ate our cold provisions in a neat room at the small village of Brixton. It is impossible for our little tour to be better



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was erected here ; but being found useless to mariners, from the mists that generally involve it, it is now merely a signal station, and appropriated as the residence of a decayed naval lieutenant. We felt as if we had suddenly been tossed from the torrid to the frigid zone, and were glad to descend into the village of Niton; which resting in a little wooded valley, was such a sheltered picture of peace and comfort, as to delight us all after the terrific features of Black Gang Chine, and the bleak and cheerless hill of St. Catharine. We dined at a neat little inn, and afterwards went to see a *land-slip*, a piece of ground which a few years ago fell from the cliff, or rather receded from it, and spread itself down, in consequence of the freezing of the springs, and their expansion when dissolving. It is now cultivated, and forms a pretty and peculiar landscape: large masses of the cliff lie, like ruins, covered with grass, brier, and ivy. We visited a beautiful little marine cottage, delightfully situated in a garden, and

fitted up with an exquisitely simple taste. In no place, I think, is cottage architecture so much studied as here. The humblest abodes of the poor are neat and picturesque: the low roof, the overhanging thatch, and the white chimneys covered with the light foliage of the clematis and passion flower, the rich tassels of the flaunting honeysuckle, and the bright leaves of the myrtle mingled with its snowy blossoms, present such images of domestic comfort and neatness, and of luxuriant nature, as delight not only the eye but the heart. I have no where seen myrtles growing wild in the hedges, as I had heard they did; but they are planted commonly as shrubs in the gardens, where they flourish as luxuriantly as laurels. Tomorrow we proceed to Shanklin, Bonchurch, and Ventnor: at the last place Edmund has engaged apartments for us, as he says we shall like to pass a few days there, and there I shall resume my pen."

*Ventnor, near Bonchurch.*

“ This has been a day of delight, surpassing any since I have been in the island. It is impossible to convey to any one by words, an idea of the beauty, magnificence, and variety of the scenery, crowded into the short space of five miles. The village of Shanklin surpassed any I had seen in its picturesque effect; it is surrounded by high and wooded hills, with simple but ornamented little cottages; not so simple as to be mean, nor so ornamented as to be fine. We went to see the celebrated Chine; a chasm between immensely high cliffs overgrown with wood, with a stream, which seems to have formed it, winding to the bottom, and then running into the sea. In winter there is a fine cascade from the top, but now it has no effect. Very safe steps wind to the shore; two cottages (in one of which is the village school) are built on its side, and are neat and pretty objects. To call this place romantic, would be applying

too soft a term ; to call it awful, would imply something terrific ; but I think it comprises the sublime and beautiful. Mrs. Sinclair said it combined the richly wooded scenery of Matlock with the frowning grandeur of Castleton. You, my dear mother, who have seen both, may form some idea of Shanklin from this description. We walked about the village, admired its little peaceful-looking recesses, wished for a summer lodging in some of them, and proceeded towards Ventnor, about five miles distant ; and never did I travel five miles of such varied and interesting scenery. Julia and I left the carriage, to walk across some fields, and beneath the shade of a small wood ; sometimes we had a fine expansive view of valleys, hills, and the sea ; our delight increased at every step. Occasionally we returned to Mrs. Sinclair and Edmund, whom we had left in the vehicle ; for we had not the cruelty to tempt him to leave her : at last the ruggedness of the road and the abruptness of the hills induced them also to walk. We



descended into a lovely valley, in one part of which is another Chine, called Luccombe, but we did not explore it. A range of lofty downs formed a perfect amphitheatre; numerous flocks of sheep were feeding upon them, regardless of the dizzy height on which they stood: the road wound beneath these hills, and in many parts was terrifically steep. At one sudden turning, a peculiar view presents itself. I approached with sensations of awe and wonder: it seemed as if 'chaos had come again,' or the effect of an earthquake. Several acres of ground were strewed with masses of broken rock overgrown with grass, ivy, brier, and brushwood; the points and sides, which were bare, looked like the walls and fragments of houses; and the whole scene gave to the imagination the appearance of a city in ruins, destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature. A range of mountainous hills, covered with the softest verdure, rose above this chaotic landscape. At a turning in the road it suddenly disappeared,

and one as luxuriant and lovely as this was rude and uncouth met our view; every image of desolation was succeeded by those of smiling and sequestered beauty. The force of contrast could no where be more strongly marked and felt, than on leaving such a spot, and entering the little village of Bonchurch. The cottages embosomed in trees, nestle beneath the shelter of the same chain of verdant hills that I have already described. The clematis and passion-flower blend their luxuriant foliage to ornament these lowly dwellings, and the casemented windows glisten through the bright verdure and white blossoms of the myrtle, which here grows as if it were indigenous to the soil. Leaving the village, the hills rise more proudly, and almost perpendicularly, the whole way to Steep Hill, as it is truly called; on the side of which is the hotel, where we are very comfortably lodged. This place is called Ventnor, and from its height and situation might be termed The palace of the winds. The sea is in front a grand and

beautiful spectacle. No part of the island has delighted us all so much as that which we have seen today, either for variety or beauty ; and every time I look around me, at the hills, the woods, and the sea, my admiration rises to rapture."

Ellen in continuation, at night.

"The evening was so mild, and Mrs. Sinclair so little fatigued by her day's journey, that she proposed our walking to Bonchurch, and observing the effect of moonlight upon the scenery around us. Think how we all enjoyed it ! A spring, which gushes from the hill at Ventnor, after assuming different shapes and sounds, falls into a small lake, or a large pond, near Bonchurch, beneath a woody hill, the banks quite fringed with trees. At Bonchurch all seemed peace, repose, and safety. We looked again at *Chaos*, but it appeared a smaller space of ground than at first. I suppose surprise had magnified it in our imaginations. Its ruinous effect, however, was heightened by the light of the moon ; and a

something of sublimity was now attached to it : but the illusion of the morning had fled, and with this a great portion of its interest. The fragments have fallen at different times from the hills above, which are of a loose substance; and the numerous springs which issue from them have dislodged many parts, and occasioned their descent : tomorrow we are to see some places of celebrity, eastward.

“ Today we have visited several elegant cottage seats ; but I confess the works of art are not so interesting to me as those of nature : therefore, I will not attempt to describe rooms, carpets, chairs, and tables ; but leave them to the tasty and scientific traveller. Our road was by the under cliff, a high wall of rock composed of different strata lying one above another, in the interstices of which grow many trailing plants and flowers. These cliffs have a terrific appearance, and look as if they were so loosely piled together that they might easily fall, and crush the traveller ; and the number of pieces that lie beneath them scattered about, prove the apprehension not without reason.

We returned to this sweet place to dinner, and in the evening visited a pretty cascade, which gushes out of the cliff and falls upon the beach, and again took a moonlight walk to Bonchurch."

Ellen's last letter was dated ' Ryde.'

"This morning we bade adieu to the scenes which for three days had afforded us so much delight, passed through Bonchurch, crossed *Chaos* and the sweet village of Shanklin, and stopped at Brading to refresh ourselves and horses. The town is dirty and disagreeable, and the only one that is so, which we have seen in the island. The church is situated on an eminence—and in the churchyard are some interesting grave-stones and inscriptions, particularly the one the words of which we have often, my beloved mother, admired, and which you have liked to hear your Ellen sing :—

' Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
Which mourns thy exit from a world like this.'

&c. &c.

We stopped to look at two pretty houses in this neighbourhood, and again took posses-

sion of our former apartments here. Mrs. Sinclair and Edmund are anxiously expecting letters; nor am I free from impatience, the irregularity of our movements preventing my receiving any since I left Brighton—ten days ago! We are to remain here a week. We have left all that is rude, wild and magnificent, for domestic scenery. This place has certainly every social advantage over any other we have witnessed. The mails from Portsmouth are regular, and the facility of reaching the opposite coast seems greater than from any other part;—and here will terminate our little excursion. Edmund has conducted it all like a scientific tourist, and at Steep Hill brought it to a perfect climax. We have had ample time to peruse the island, and it is a volume of which I should like ‘every day to turn the leaf and read,’ or even to dwell upon its margin. It seems to have been made by ‘all the gods in council,’ and every one to have gratified his own peculiar taste, and given all the varieties of



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friend. But the young lady, rendered fastidious by a winter's residence among the perfumed beaus of the metropolis, was most perversely blind to the charms of the honest tar, though his mother descanted upon them with a touching eloquence and persevering partiality. Then, his resemblance to Captain Conway was so striking, that every eye might see it! However, the assertion could not remove the mist that blinded Anna Maria's to this striking resemblance, and his all-transcendent charms. Neither did his manner in the least assist the illusion; for he was as obstinately indifferent to her attractions as she was insensible to his; and Mrs. Hopkins began to fret at her ill success, and almost to despair of the accomplishment of her wishes. Accident, however, at last was more propitious to them than all her plans.

Anna Maria, who was always some imaginary heroine, had chosen to personate the Lady of the Lake. It is true she had not Ellen's dark eyes; and as no cosmetic has yet been discovered to change the hue of this

feature, she was obliged to play the part with her own light gray—but then she had her little shallopon her father's canal, and her Lufra; and could she have conjured up a Fitz James, a Malcolm Græme, an Allan Bane, or even a Roderic Dhu, she would have been happy. One day, as she was amusing herself as Ellen, and had “pushed her light shallop from the shore,” either from some fault in the construction, or the unskilfulness of the navigator, the faithless bark suddenly upset, and precipitated its fair freight into the water. Lufra barked and yelled; when Joseph, who most fortunately was near the spot, (having been sent with a message from his mother,) hearing the noise of the dog, who he knew was generally the companion of the lady, and being impatient to discharge his commission, hastened forward and arrived just in time to see “the satin snood and silken plaid” of this Lady of the Lake floating on the surface. He immediately jumped in, and with his powerful arm dragged her to land. He then gave her a violent shake,

and was going to hold down her head, that the water might be discharged from her mouth. But in a few minutes she opened her eyes, and looked tenderly on her deliverer; then sinking in his arms, burst into tears. "Come, come," he said, "don't whimper, you are more frightened than hurt; down with your head again, mayhap there is more water in your stomach;" and was accompanying his advice with his assistance, when she entreated him to check his solicitude; for though she feared she should take her death of cold, she hoped she might live to reward him." "Why, what are you talking of? dying and living all in a breath? I suspect that poor head of yours is hurt: mayhap it knocked against that cockle shell of a boat. I think I see a lump," said he, putting his rough hand to her delicate face, "but come: walk faster, and then you won't take cold." "I cannot walk," said she, drooping. "Then I must carry you:" and taking her up in his arms, he ran with her to the house. He had the prudence to carry her to the back door,

that he might not alarm Sir Thomas or Lady Wills, or any of her sisters; and as he set her on her feet he said, "There, go as fast as you can up stairs, and take off all your wet trumpery. Lord bless me!" thought he, "what a fool that girl is, to think of going upon that puddle of water, that pond, in a thing not bigger than a baby's boat! Why, she is as silly as her sister Lavinia." He recounted the adventure to his mother with similar remarks and reflections. She smiled and looked wise, and hastened to her friend, secretly exulting in an accident which she hoped might assist her machinations. With well-feigned agony and alarm she flew to Anna Maria, who had been prevailed on by her maid to go to bed. Mrs. Hopkins shed, or seemed to shed, tears of sorrow at the recollection of her danger, and of rapture at her preservation. "Poor Joseph!" she said, "in saving your life, he has perhaps lost his own." "What, is he hurt?" said Anna Maria, "where is he hurt?" "O, my dear, I must not tell you, you must not talk. Poor fellow!



I shall never forget how he looked when he returned. Did he not carry you in his arms?" "Yes, he brought me to the house. I can never forget how good he was." "Nor will he, poor fellow! ever forget how lovely you were—but I must not tell you." "Oh, do tell me, dear Hopkins!"

Mrs. Hopkins felt a secret rapture at these symptoms of gratitude, which she trusted might be converted into tenderer sentiments, if they were not such already. Her principal difficulty would be to induce Joseph to be enamoured of one whom he thought so ridiculous. But she knew that the heart of man, as well as of woman, is accessible to flattery, and she determined to try its effect. Anna Maria in the mean time was so charmed with the intrepidity of her deliverer, and her vanity so easily ascribed his ready and dexterous assistance to feelings of the most impassioned distress at her perilous situation, that, her fancy co-operating with her tenderness, she saw in the dark herculean Joseph, an elegant and accomplished James Fitz James,

and his coat of naval blue appeared to her as captivating and becoming as the "Lincoln green." We will leave this lady to her dreams of soft delight, and Mrs. Hopkins to her stratagems, and return to the Rectory.

The letters of Ellen had amused her parents, and served to beguile the tediousness of her absence. Bertha had as much as possible supplied her place, and by her affectionate attentions endeared herself more than ever to their hearts ; but they began anxiously to desire the return of their son and daughter and the friends whom they loved, though they forbore to express their impatience, that they might not accelerate Mrs. Sinclair's departure from Ryde before it was pleasant to herself.

The day after Lady Wills's arrival at the Mansion, she and Lavinia called at the Rectory. Bertha was walking in the garden ; and as she passed the window, Lady Wills exclaimed, "What very fine girl is that?" " 'Tis Bertha," said Mrs. Herbert smiling. "Did you not know her?" Lady Wills

blushed through her morning rouge. "How prodigiously the child is grown!" she said, turning to Lavinia. Five months had made a very considerable improvement in her person: the new ideas she had received, the new affections that were awakened in her bosom, and the new habits she had acquired, had totally altered her air and manner, as well as the expression of her countenance. When she entered the room, Lady Wills's exclamations of wonder were renewed. "She has grown out of all knowledge, I protest. Why, Mrs. Herbert, what have you done to her?" "She is very healthy," replied Mrs. Herbert, "and I hope has been very happy." Bertha gave her one of her most expressive glances. "Well! I declare I never expected to see her so tall: Sir Thomas will be quite pleased. Indeed, Mrs. Herbert, we are very much obliged to you for the care you have taken of her, and she shall return home whenever you like; for I dare say you will now be glad to get rid of her." "If her return depends upon our willingness to resign her,"

said Mrs. Herbert, "I really know not when your ladyship may expect her ; for she has entwined herself so closely round our hearts, that when she is taken from us we cannot fail to grieve." The blush of grateful affection crimsoned Bertha's cheek, and she waited in trembling dread to hear the time named for her return home. "Well, then, she shall come back to us when you like." "Not when we *like*," replied Mrs. Herbert, "but when you desire : allow me to request that she may stay a little longer ; for, as Ellen is absent, I should now feel her loss particularly severe." "Certainly I can have no objection ; but I really wish her father to see her, she is so much altered, so much more upright."

Mrs. Herbert was delighted to hear this indirect acknowledgement of Bertha's improvement, and hoped that the poor girl would at last find favour in the eyes of her parents, though "she was not so fair as either the Gordons or the Willses." Lavinia, who always accompanied her mamma,

said that she was indeed grown, and wondered how it could be : she then yawned, looked at her fingers, and picked her gloves ; sighed, and yawned again. As soon as Sir Thomas saw her, he stood still with astonishment, lifted up his hands and eyes, turned her round and round, measured her from head to foot, and placed himself by her side to see which of them was the taller ; but finding that she had considerably the advantage in height, he said jestingly : “ Fine times indeed for a father to look up to his own daughter ! ” He seemed pleased, kissed her cheek, and said, “ he did not know what to make of her ; for, after all, he believed she would be the flower of the family, now poor Lavinia was rather gone off.”

Sir Thomas was really what is called a good-natured man, when he had (what he always contended for) his own way. He was also fond of his children when they did not thwart him, and make him wait ; and he now declared, after he had complimented Bertha upon her improvement, that he did

not remember she had ever said a disobedient word to him in her life, or was not ready to a moment when they were going out, or did not come the instant he called her ; and he wished he could say as much for her sisters.

When her sisters met her, they regarded her with their usual indifference, and seemed to consider her in no way allied to them. The twins scarcely spoke to her, and seldom thought of her, as they knew they reigned the *darlings* of their parents. Sacharissa had a thorough contempt for every thing and every body, and considered the whole world as base, vile, and degenerate ; affording nothing good either for man or beast. Henrietta liked her very well. Deborah was involved in her *ous* and her *ic*, her alkalies and acids, and thought of nothing else. And Anna Maria was surfeiting herself with sentiment, and pining with sensibility. George was at college, and Charles at school. But when the latter returned, and met this favourite sister, he jumped for joy, hugged her till she was nearly suffocated, and then exclaim-



ed: "I always said how it would be,—that Bertha would be the handsomest of us all, as well as the best; and so she is."

The happy party at Ryde amused themselves in exploring the beauties of its vicinity, rambling in its woods, seeking the shelter of its green recesses, and admiring its rich and varied scenery; but, above all, they found in each other's society and conversation, that union of heart, taste, and sentiment, which constitutes the charm of intercourse and association; a never-failing source of pleasure and enjoyment. Mrs. Sinclair's spirits were more serene than her friends had ever known them; and the happiness of Edmund and Julia beamed in their eyes, was discoverable in their tone of voice, in their smile, and even expressed in their silence. Ellen, in witnessing the peace and the felicity of beings so dear to her, believed that her own could not admit of increase. Her beloved brother was at last, she thought, rewarded for every sacrifice that he had made; and she knew that her friend would

be, as she deserved to be, the happiest of women. Her parents too . . . . . and as she thought of them, of all they had suffered, of her mother's sorrow, of her father's fortitude, tears of impulsive tenderness rushed to her eyes, whilst she reflected that they too would at length find "an overpayment of delight" from the same source which filled her heart with joy. While her mind was pursuing this train of sweet reflection, she was informed that letters were arrived, and hastened to receive those addressed to her.

Her friends and Edmund were engaged with theirs. As the latter perused his, Ellen could not but observe the irradiations of pleasure brightening his fine countenance, and impatiently waited the development of the cause. When they had all concluded reading their letters, he said, "Congratulate me upon the return of my oldest and dearest friend, the play-fellow of my boyhood, the companion of my academic studies, and the brother of my heart. Harry Percy is on his passage home, and is probably by this

time at Portsmouth. His letter is dated 'Gibraltar,' and he doubted whether that or himself would first reach England. Delight sparkled in Ellen's eyes as she watched the beams of pleasure in her brother's; yet something of a serious reflection mingled in their expression. After a little pause he said, "It is three years since we last met; and three years at such a period of his life may have given many new impressions to his mind, and perhaps effaced old ones. I too may be altered: yet he writes as if the memory of our early attachment was still green in his soul; and every line breathes the spirit of undiminished friendship. Do you remember him, Ellen?" "Oh, I can never forget him; never forget his kindness on a thousand occasions. When he jumped into the little brook, and rescued my doll, as I thought, from drowning; and when he snatched my kitten from the savage grasp of some boys; I regarded him as a hero, as an actual Hotspur. But when he nursed my poor little sick squirrel, fed my nest of black-

birds, and afterwards gave them liberty, I loved him as a brother, loved him next to yourself, Edmund ; and when he left us, after these acts of heroism and humanity, I remember I wept myself almost blind, and kissed my doll because I thought she was a favourite of his. But it is five or six years since I last saw him ; yet I cannot forget how pale and thin he was ; nor his fine eye, long eye-lashes, and white teeth. I wonder if he is the same now ?” “ We shall soon see, Ellen,” replied Edmund ; “ for I must leave you, my dear friends, to make inquiries about the vessel in which he intended to sail, and, if he be arrived at Portsmouth, seek him out, or await his coming ; and I then will hasten back.”

Whatever were the regrets he felt at parting with Julia, even for a short time, he strove to suppress them, and to give to friendship all its claims. Julia herself urged him to lose no time in going, lest Percy should arrive and set off for Albany whilst they were at Ryde. But as she said this, her

tearful eye and trembling lip betrayed the emotion of her bosom. These unequivocal testimonies of tenderness and grief were to Edmund "sweet though mournful." He soothed her, gazed upon her again and again, pressed her to his heart; and, after "as many farewells as there be stars in the heaven," rushed out of the house, and hastened to the boat which waited to take him to Portsmouth.

Henry Percy was the second son of a private gentleman of large fortune. In his childhood his health was delicate, and from his incapacity to join in the usual sports of boys, originated a greater fondness for reading, study, and reflection. From the wonders of fairy land, and the heroic exploits of giants, he proceeded to history and travels; and whilst he read of great men, he was emulous to imitate great actions; or to visit scenes which the traveller described, and to which his lively imagination gave the most glowing colours. The last-formed wish ever became the predominant one in his bosom.

His thoughts wandered from the tropics to the poles ; and all created space appeared to his rambling and enthusiastic mind, but as a speck which he might easily explore ; and as his boyish fancy pursued the course of such reflections, he determined, when he was a man, to gratify his inclination.

His health improving, he was sent to a public school, where he and Edmund became intimate associates. The same desire of profiting by observation existed in both, and their ardent spirits would inflame each other by the confession of their mutual wishes, the imaginary beauties of distant lands, and the delights of travelling. But Edmund's towering flights were soon repressed by the misfortunes of his family ; and with a heart as tender as his fancy was lively, he checked every inclination that might militate against his proving himself to his parents and sister, the son and brother which their sorrows required ; directing the powers of his mind, and the force of his ambition, to the regula-



tion of his feelings and the acquirement of knowledge.

Percy accompanied him to Cambridge, and their friendship daily became stronger, though their views were different. His desire of travelling continued to increase, and he anxiously looked forward to the time when he might make his request to his father with a prospect of its being granted. In the mean time he pursued with more avidity than ever his favourite reading, applied himself to modern languages, and did not entirely neglect his college studies. The example of Edmund was ever before him; and though he did not bear away prizes, he attained a respectable rank amongst the candidates for university honours. He frequently accompanied his friend to the Rectory, and became as much a favourite with the parents and sister as with the son. By the sudden death of his brother, which was soon followed by that of his father, the whole of a very considerable property devolved to him. As

soon as he was emancipated from his guardian, he first ran over England, and then impatiently set out upon his foreign travels, confined as they were obliged to be by the circumstances of war.

After a residence of three years in the islands and on the coasts of the Mediterranean, where nothing was unexplored to which he could gain access, he was just returned to England; and however great had been his enjoyments, like the generality of those who wander in quest of happiness, he frequently experienced the bitterness of disappointment, the heaviness of solitude, and the weariness of ennui. And when his foot again touched the English shore, he exclaimed exultingly, and with the true feeling of a Briton, "This is my own, my native land!" Every object of his early affection rushed to his memory, and his heart embraced them all. "Edmund, my friend," he ejaculated, "would that your hand could be the first to welcome me!" And as his eye impulsively glanced around upon the crowd

assembled on the shore, with different greetings for their expected relatives, Edmund, his friend, was pressing through it with the extended hand of welcome, and Percy's wish was fulfilled.

In how short a space of time may the events of years be imparted ! and the heart, however close its foldings, will, like the papyrian MSS. of Herculaneum, quickly yield itself to the chemic touch of friendship. Before the friends had reached the hotel, Percy was acquainted with Edmund's bosom history, and of his impatience to return to the opposite coast ; but another day's delay was obliged to be submitted to before Percy could receive his baggage from the ship.

As Edmund was standing the next morning conversing with some officers at the door of the Admiral's office, a gentleman who had just left the inn and was crossing the street suddenly fell down. At that moment a carriage was seen coming along with a velocity which the driver in vain attempted to check. " You will be run over !" loudly

vociferated every spectator. The person still lay motionless; when Edmund sprung forward, and snatched him from the impending danger, for in another instant the carriage must have gone over him. As it flew past, "Are they safe?" was repeated on every side. Edmund, who had just dragged the stranger from the track of the wheels, and was endeavouring to raise him, found he was insensible. He knew that the wheels had not touched him, and feared it was the stroke of sudden death; when the servant of the gentleman, who had seen the transaction from an upper window at the inn, hastened to his master's assistance, and removed the apprehension of his being dead, by saying that it was a fit to which he was subject, and in which he frequently continued some hours; that he was well acquainted with the best manner of treating him, and had no alarm for his safety. Then, taking him up in his arms, he carried him to the inn.

Edmund went in search of Percy, who, in pity to his friend's feelings as a lover, and

to gratify his own curiosity, was endeavouring to expedite the removal of his things from the ship, and had left Edmund writing letters whilst he went on board. The packet, indeed, had every day conveyed the warmest effusions of his soul to Julia, and returned back with responses full of tenderness and sympathy. In her pages he read the language of an ingenuous and delicate mind united to a fond and devoted heart; and in this little intercourse of letters, thoughts and feelings were developed, which served but to attach them more strongly to each other. A short separation, reluctantly as it may be submitted to, has its advantages; it imparts more of the mental character than can be given by the interchange of looks; and reveals more of the heart, through the medium of the pen, than the lips dare utter.

Another day of detention at Portsmouth exhausted the patience of Edmund; "it was almost too much for friendship;" but he could not resolve to leave Percy, when the

next hour might terminate his business. Edmund, who had made several inquiries of the servant respecting the gentleman whom he had rescued, received a message requesting him to go into his room, as he was then able to sit up ; and Percy, who was present when the servant came, finding it was a passenger on board the vessel in which he had sailed, proposed accompanying him.

“ Do you know any thing of him ? ” inquired Edmund. “ Nothing,” replied Percy, “ except that his name is Davison ; that he is a most gloomy misanthropical fellow ; morose and sullen in his manner ; and so strangely abstracted, that he looks as if the dæmon of despair had taken possession of his soul. The only changes I ever saw in his countenance were the alternate movements of rage and sorrow : these variations gave him the appearance of a maniac or a fiend ; and I believe, had our voyage been longer, the sailors, in a fit of superstition, would have voted him overboard ; for at every squall they threw out hints and glances at this poor



man. His servant, a gay good-humoured Irishman, fortunately diverted these suspicious looks and fancies ; and by his mirth, his songs, and his blunders, acted as an antidote to his master. We took them in at Gibraltar. His servant represents him as a good master, though an odd man ; but, with the fidelity and cunning of his country, he evades every question that may lead to more minute information ; and says, ‘ Whatever he is, it is not for *Pat* to mention. He has faults and sorrows, which I might tell if I did not know them ; but as I do, not a word from my mouth.’ You, Edmund, have just saved his life, and on our passage I did. His servant was below deck, and this strange creature chose to climb one of the masts ; when his head turning giddy, or from some other cause, he lost his hold, and fell into the sea. I jumped in after him, and the boat took us up in safety. When he recovered, he raved about a daughter, and swore, if she were living, I should have her as my reward.” Edmund sate in pensive silence for a few mi-

nutes, which Percy neither understood nor interrupted ; and then said, “ Let us go to him.”

When they entered the room, he was sitting in a thoughtful posture ; a dark shade of gloomy feeling was strongly depicted on his brow. Percy advanced towards him, presented his friend, and inquired after his health. He made no reply, but motioned with his hand that they should be seated. Edmund gazed intently upon him, and was endeavouring to identify a resemblance which he found in his features to some other person ; when Mr. Davison said, as if continuing a train of reflection, “ And you also have saved my life, a miserable life ! Yet I thank you ; for I have some business on earth, which I would fain perform before I quit it. He too saved me from drowning. Are you known to each other ?” “ We are school-companions and college friends,” replied Percy. “ And you are my friends, I suppose,” he murmured scornfully. Then assuming a look of indignation and contempt,

“If you want money, here is my purse,” throwing it across the table to Edmund. “No, sir,” he replied, proudly drawing back, and pushing the purse from him, “this is not my reward.” “What then *is*?” said Mr. Davison vehemently. “I have nothing to give you but this; I once had more.” And he beat his hand upon the table with the violence of passion. Edmund arose, and, simply bowing, took his leave. Percy remained for a few minutes.

“That is a proud spirit,” said Mr. Davison. “A noble one, sir,” replied Percy. “Was his being offended a proof of the nobleness of his spirit?” said Mr. Davison. “He is too proud to be offended, and too noble to resent an insult.” “Can the offer of money insult? I offered him the only thing I had.” “He did not know it was so.” “Then tell him so,” said Mr. Davison.

The next day Percy landed all his boxes, and, depositing them at the inn, embarked with his friend for Ryde. As they approached the shore, Edmund saw Julia in idea in

every object ; but when the vessel neared the little pier, he beheld her in reality, and sprang to meet the sparkling welcome of her eye, the tender pressure of her hand ; while the delighted Ellen fondly clasped him in her arms, and poured forth her raptures to his ear.

As soon as the packet arrived, which announced the probability of his return, Julia and Ellen had hastened to the pier, where they watched in eager expectation the approach of every vessel. The mutual presentation over, in a few minutes there seemed no strangers in the party ; and when they reached the inn where Mrs. Sinclair waited, every past anxiety was forgotten, and the happiness of the little party complete.

When the circumstance of Edmund's saving Mr. Davison was mentioned, Ellen shuddered with apprehension. "Did you think of the danger, the risk, Edmund?" "Could I deliberate upon chances, when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake?" Julia entwined her arm more closely around his, and looked tenderly, sorrowfully, yet

proudly, in his face. The subject was not reverted to except occasionally by Julia, and Ellen, who at his danger trembled, and at his humanity, promptitude, and courage, exulted. They remained another day or two at the island, and departed for Portsmouth, anxious to return to Albany, and to the friends who were there impatiently expecting them. It was settled that Percy was to accompany them; for now the "long, long-lost was found," Edmund was unwilling so soon to part with him; and he wished to present him again to his father, and another of whose welcome he was certain; while Ellen thought how much their joy would be increased at seeing him of their party. "Am I altered?" he one day said to Ellen: "should you have known me again?" "I think," she replied, "you are altered in nothing but complexion, and I should have known you by your eyes any where in the world." What a full expression of tenderness shone in those eyes, as they rested on the lovely girl who spoke!

Her own drooped beneath their gaze, and she thought—"but it was not thus they used to look:" yet she was not offended, though she withdrew in confusion.

The party were to sleep that night at the inn, and in the morning to proceed on their journey. As Julia was crossing the gallery to the sitting-room, she stopped for a moment to let a strange-looking man pass; who, looking up in her face, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Who are you?" Alarmed at the tone and manner, she was hurrying away, when he followed her, calling out "Stop, I entreat of you: if you are Matilda, I command you to stop." She had just taken hold of the handle of the door, when she felt her arm grasped by the stranger. She screamed. Edmund opened the door, and she sunk almost senseless with terror in his arms. "What does this mean, sir?" he asked: "why do you still hold her arm?" "I cannot tell," he faintly replied. "If you have any thing to say," said Edmund, "another time I will see you." "I have



much to say," and he continued gazing on Julia.

"Mr. Davison, I am sorry to remind you," said Edmund, "that this room is ours, and I must request you to leave it at present: I will wait upon you in half an hour, if you wish to speak to me." "It is not you I wish to speak with, it is this lady. 'Who are you?' I repeat." "Oh, tell him," said Julia, "and he will go." "But tell me, sir, by what right you demand to know?" said Edmund, "for I shall not satisfy the idleness or impertinence of curiosity." "No, no!" he abruptly exclaimed, "I have no right—I have no right on earth." And he rushed out of the room.

Percy soon after returned with Mrs. Sinclair and Ellen, with whom he had been walking, and the strange conduct of Mr. Davison was related. "Did he call you Matilda?" said Mrs. Sinclair in an agitated voice. "I scarcely know," replied Julia, "I was so much terrified." A train of deep and serious thought seemed to be awakened

in her aunt's mind, which no one for a time interrupted : at last she said, " I wish I had seen him." Edmund participated in Mrs. Sinclair's feelings, and understood the motive of her curiosity : but instead of hoping that Mr. Davison might be the father of Julia, he dreaded lest it should prove so, and wished to avoid any further interview with him, secretly rejoicing that the next morning would release them all from the chance of his intrusion. But compassionating him as a half lunatic, either from mental or bodily malady, Percy proposed going to his apartment to bid him adieu, and Mrs. Sinclair eagerly requested that he would. He was admitted; but he found him in a state of heavy dejection, which the servant told him usually succeeded any extraordinary agitation, and he was sitting with him apprehending a fit. When Percy spoke to him he scarcely answered; and when he addressed him as Mr. Davison, he briefly muttered, " My name is not Davison." " Well, whatever it is," interrupted honest Patrick, " Davison is as good

as any other—so you need say nothing about it, my dear master.” Percy told him he was going away from Portsmouth the next morning with a party ; and as he should probably not see him again, he wished him health and happiness. Mr. Davison held out his hand to him, but said nothing, and Percy returned to his friends.

Mrs. Sinclair, observing the impatience of Edmund to leave Portsmouth, suppressed her own desire to see Mr. Davison, who after all might be a stranger. The next morning they proceeded on their journey, and reached in safety the inn where they were to sleep. As they were sitting at an open window that looked into the yard, they saw a chaise drive in, and Mr. Davison and his servant get out. Before they could withdraw he had seen them, and with a wild and troubled expression bowed to Percy. “I am a prisoner for this evening,” said Julia. “And I your jailor,” replied Edmund. Mrs. Sinclair did not see the face of Mr. Davison as he went into the house; for, except when any furious

or violent feelings gave an artificial force to his frame, his head was bent down, and his step feeble, and he looked entirely an invalid. In a short time Patrick came with a message from his master, requesting to see Mr. Herbert. He said that he had had no fit, though he sat by him all night expecting one; that he was very restless in the morning, when he found Mr. Percy and all the party were gone: he said he must follow them: so he ordered a post-chaise directly, and desired me not to accompany him. "But I engaged I would," said Pat; "for, though I knew if I hindered him ever so much from having his way in the journey, he would have it at last, I resolved to have mine too: so I jumped in after him, and there he said nothing more about it at all at all. So here we are, and he is in a great hurry to see Mr. Herbert."

Edmund immediately accompanied him. "I am obliged to you, sir," said Mr. Davison, "for your promptitude in complying with my request, my business admits of no

delay. Who is the lady whom I have seen with you? Is she your cousin, sister, wife?" "Not one of the three," said Edmund in a deep tone: "but allow me to ask again why you question me, and what right you assume to yourself in these interrogations. They are not such as one stranger is usually authorized to put to another. But perhaps your long absence from this country, may have obliterated from your mind some of its feelings and customs." "My long absence may have obliterated many things from my mind, and may have obliterated *me* from that of others. Who is the other lady whom I saw with you?" "There are two, sir." "I mean the elder of the two." "These are all questions which I could simply answer: but you must pardon me if I do not," replied Edmund, assuming a tone as determined as the other's was imperious. "May I see them?" said Mr. Davison. "They are not under my control," replied Edmund. "I then beg of you to ask them to admit a stranger, and a very strange man: tell them, he sues at their feet," said he

tauntingly. "These ladies, sir," said Edmund, "are too noble-minded to require any thing so humble: they would not stoop themselves, and they would not wish another to do so." "Tell them my life depends upon them."

Edmund thought his reason very much impaired; and when he communicated what had passed to Mrs. Sinclair and Julia, they believed the same. But the curiosity of the former was more than ever excited, and Edmund was sent to conduct him to their room. Julia, who was in conversation with her aunt, turned her head hastily as they entered, and Mr. Davison exclaimed, "'Tis she, 'tis she herself!" Mrs. Sinclair had risen to receive him; but in the decrepid figure, sallow face, and drooping eye of Mr. Davison she could scarcely have recognised Mr. Davenport the husband of Matilda, had not his voice recalled him to her recollection; and gazing in his face she doubted no longer.

After the first moments of surprise, she resumed her native self, and waited his approach with a dignity which awed and al-



most repelled him. At last he said, "You know me, madam." "I do, sir," she replied, "and this young lady is my niece." "But is she my daughter?" he cried furiously. "My father!" exclaimed Julia, "is this indeed my father?" and she hastily clasped the hand that he had thrown across the back of his chair. "Father!" she repeated convulsively; and then remembering that he had disclaimed her, abandoned her in infancy, she covered her face with her hands, and turned from him. "If I *were* your father," he muttered, "you would deceive me like all the rest." Mrs. Sinclair was absorbed in deep reflection. As the sister of Matilda, her air was at first lofty; but at length to the father of Julia she condescended, and rising from her seat said, "This *was* your daughter; you abandoned her, and she is mine; do you still disclaim her?" "I do, I do:" and he stamped furiously with his foot. Mrs. Sinclair fixed on him her dark and penetrating eye with an expression at once of scorn and pity, and, taking Julia by the hand, left the room. "What, gone, gone!" exclaimed

Mr. Davenport. "It is all right; it is all well : she is like all the rest." Then striking his forehead, "The fault is here : her mother was base, but I abused her : she might still have been virtuous, had I been less cruel : call them back." "I cannot, sir," said Edmund. "Then I will," vociferated Mr. Davenport, and he was hastening to the door. "Stay here, sir," said Edmund, "and I will speak to the ladies." "She *is* my daughter," repeated Mr. Davenport, "she *shall* be my daughter; but let her not leave me : " and he sunk into a chair.

When Mrs. Sinclair heard that he had declared this, she hastened back with Julia, who threw herself at her father's feet. He gazed earnestly in her face, pressed her convulsively to his heart, again looked at her, and suddenly throwing her from him rushed out of the room, and shut himself up in his own chamber. Edmund, who was present, could not witness this scene without feelings of indignation ; and when he saw the tears of Julia, and the silent agitation of Mrs.

Sinclair, he gave utterance to his emotions, and entreated them to refuse any further interview, should one be solicited.

The first wish of Mrs. Sinclair's heart was that Julia might be acknowledged by her father, as by such an acknowledgement some disgrace would be removed from the mother, and the obloquy of doubtful birth from the daughter : and notwithstanding his impetuosity, she gathered hope from the vacillations of his manner, his alternate tenderness and violence, that at last she should see her wishes accomplished ; and she proposed to Edmund remaining another day at the inn, that no chance might be lost of his asserting a father's title. " But, my dear madam," said Edmund, shuddering with apprehension, " a father's title will give a father's claims, and could you—could I endure to see such a man invested with the delegated rights of father over Julia ?" " The object attained, Edmund, will be a reward for the dearest price we can pay. Think of the stain (one at least, she said sighing)

upon a mother's character wiped away, and a stain too that is reflected upon the child—that brands her with a name which both you and she would blush to hear. It is not likely he will require her to leave me, and to reside with him, unsettled as he appears in all his habits ; but even if he should, the sacrifice must be made.” “Never, never,” said Edmund emphatically : “before that time I trust this arm, which now enfolds her, will have a right to protect her, superior to that of a father.”

While they were conversing, Patrick came with a slip of paper addressed to Mrs. Sinclair. “Has she seen her mother since her infancy?”—“Never,” was the brief reply. In a few minutes Percy entered the room, and said he had met Patrick upon the stairs with his master's portmanteau on his shoulders ; that a chaise was waiting at the door ; and though it was ten o'clock at night, they were instantly going to set off, but whether on their return to Portsmouth or elsewhere, Percy could not learn.

Edmund was sincerely glad to be released from the possibility of any further intrusion upon their peace ; Julia felt relieved from a crowd of fearful yet almost undefined emotions ; and Mrs. Sinclair indulged herself in some visions of hope collected from the last inquiry. Ellen and Percy seeing the rays of cheerfulness once more dawning upon the countenances around them, became happy also : but conversation could not easily resume its accustomed vivacity, and they soon withdrew to their respective apartments for the night.

Mr. Davenport (for he had merely assumed the name of Davison as a travelling whim, and to avoid being recognised by any one who might remember him on his first arrival in England,) had for some time felt the wretchedness of living solely for himself, unblessed by family ties or friendly connections ; and whatever was the guilt of the mother, he sometimes thought, and with remorse felt, that he had too rashly abandoned his daughter.

The female companion who had accompanied him from England, and who first not only alienated his affections from his wife, but sowed the seeds of suspicion and jealousy in his mind, who excited him to cruelty and injury, after exercising her tyranny for some years, pillaging him of his wealth, which she lavished upon others, at last gave secret though false information against him, caused him to be imprisoned as a spy in France, and abandoned him for another favourite. Stung with her ingratitude and perfidy, he thought upon the injuries she had done Matilda, and the cruel neglect which this woman had been the cause of her experiencing from him: he execrated himself, and at times loathed existence: but yet the love of liberty urged him to attempt an escape, which by bribery of guards, and the stratagems of Patrick, who chanced to be his fellow-prisoner, he effected, and he went to Russia. After wandering over various parts of the continent, assuming various characters, and under various disguises,—



joyless and unconnected, he suddenly desired to return to England, to seek the daughter whom he had abandoned, and to examine into the state of his finances. For his money he had prudently invested in the English funds when he quitted the country ; and as he had drawn large sums during the first few years of his absence, of which he had kept no regular account, he imagined but little remained ; and the fear of poverty, aided by the secret instinctive feeling that pervades the bosom of every parent, induced him to return.

Patrick, whom his gold had liberated, became so strongly bound to him by gratitude that nothing could induce the honest fellow to quit him ; and the fits to which he was now subject, occasioned by the damps of a prison and the miseries of his mind, rendered such an attendant particularly valuable. Associates in their confinement, and fellow-sufferers in affliction, notwithstanding inequality in birth and early situation they became friends. But Patrick never forgot

the deference due to a superior, though he sometimes gave advice ; and to his patient ear, and sympathizing bosom, Mr. Davenport by starts imparted all that harassed his mind, and Patrick comprehended all except his desertion of his daughter. “ Oh,” he would say, “ I can understand why you got rid of your lady, but not why you left off loving her at once and for no cause, but only for the sake of a wicked woman who pretended to love you when she had no right, any more than you had to love her. But why you could desert your sweet innocent girl, who I’ll engage is your own daughter every inch of her, because ladies cannot do wrong all at once, is what I never can understand ; and ’tis Patrick’s advice, if ever you would make peace with your own sweet soul, to find out your daughter, and take her to your heart ; ’tis what I would do in your situation ; ’tis what I wish I could do, for I lost the dearest creature in the world, and her mother into the bargain, myself : but it was the will of God. I did not send them away

and abandon them in this world, and they loved me as I did them to the last. But now I am all alone, and I'll go with you any where you please to take me, and I beg you will seek first for your dater."

The frequent mention of his daughter, and finding that he had excited an interest in one honest heart, untwisted in some measure the entangled chords about his own, and sickness, sorrow, and disappointment combined to render Mr. Davenport at times passive, kind and generous : but the unchecked turbulence of his temper, when excited by opposition or the violence of his constitutional disease, made him at others uncontrollable and terrible. Julia's resemblance to her mother in a moment arrested his attention ; the lapse of time was forgotten, and he almost fancied it was Matilda whom he beheld. With the usual impetuosity of his character he instantly addressed her, and sought in his wild and imperious manner to gain information respecting her from others. When he found the party had left Portsmouth, he be-

came in a state of distraction: the secret and invisible chords of nature vibrated at the remembrance of her look, and at the sound of her voice, and he determined to pursue her—to see her again—and know who she was. Of Edmund he scarcely thought, he had but one object in his mind. To learn her name would afford no clue to him, for he was unacquainted with that which Mrs. Sinclair had given to her; but she bore so strong a resemblance to the mother of his child, that he was impelled, he scarcely knew why, to follow her. When he saw her with Mrs. Sinclair, whom he instantly recollected, he no longer doubted, and his heart acknowledged his daughter: but with that strange perversity which too often checks the happiest movements of our souls, that caprice which converts the cup of blessing into bitterness, he again doubted, then relented and acknowledged, and at last spurned her from him. But repenting a few minutes afterwards, he resolved to fix his ultimate measures upon the reply which

Mrs. Sinclair would give to one question. The reply was such as he wished ; and without imparting any of his motives, he suddenly left the inn, resolving, as much as a character of such caprice could resolve, to prosecute further inquiries respecting the manner in which Mrs. Sinclair had brought up Julia, to examine into the state of his finances, and to settle in England to claim his daughter, if he were convinced she had never seen her unfortunate mother. But before he had travelled one stage, his feelings and intentions changed ; again he doubted, was perplexed and wretched—abused the world—disclaimed Julia, and execrated himself. “ As for the world,” said Patrick, “ I cannot say much in favour of that, my dear master : it has not shown much good nature to us, but played us some shabby tricks in France and Italy ; and what a man says of himself it is not for another to contradict, if he would behave himself like a gentleman. But to go for to say that Miss Julia is not your own sweet dater, is what I

cannot bear to hear ; for it is as plain to me as the nose on your face, and she is very like you, that is what she is." " Do you really think so, Patrick ?" said Mr. Davenport. " I do not think at all at all ; I am sure of it. If you would but smile, I'd engage you have just such a dimple as hers on the left side of your mouth, and I wish I could see it : then her nose has exactly your arch. I only wish my poor dear Kath'rine, my own sweet child, was alive, and as much like me, that's what I do." This opinion of Patrick, partly a kind stratagem to please his master and serve Julia, and partly serious, had its effect on Mr. Davenport ; and when the doubt which troubled him arose, he recalled to mind the resemblance which Patrick had mentioned.

In the mean time Mrs. Sinclair and her party were hastening homewards, each occupied with their own particular reflections. Mrs. Sinclair indulged in hopes most soothing to her heart, and Ellen participated in



them, knowing what a happiness it would be to her parents to have the reproach even of doubtful birth obliterated from Julia. She anticipated with joy their welcome, and Bertha's; while Percy watched the mantling colour of her cheek when she spoke of the happy moment of meeting; and Edmund and Julia exchanged glances of pensive regret as they thought upon their separation, when, no longer under the same roof, no longer devoting every hour of every day to each other, they should meet only occasionally. Still it was a blessing to be in the same village, to see the sun rise above the same horizon, and set behind the same objects; and as this reflection passed in Julia's mind, she schooled her heart to patience and submission. When they came to one of the hills that descended into the village, Ellen requested that she might alight, and run across the field through which a path led to the Rectory, nearer than the carriage-road. Percy alighted also, and as she

sprang over the stile he could scarcely keep pace with the bounding impatience of her step. "Stay, stáy, my Atalanta," said he laughing, "would you leave your Hippomenes behind you? O for a golden apple, to arrest your footsteps for one moment!" "It could not tempt me," replied Ellen, "with that dear goal (pointing to the Parsonage) in sight." "If it did," said Percy, "I would be there first to claim my reward." Ellen blushed: she understood the allusion, and she sighed as well as blushed: and Percy thought she never looked so pretty.

Bertha first caught a glimpse of her as she flew past the parlour window. "There is Ellen!" she exclaimed. "I see her bright eyes and white teeth." And she ran to meet her. But already was she in the arms of her father and mother, who alternately pressed her to their bosoms, and Bertha was obliged to wait for the kiss of friendship. Tears of joy chased each other down their cheeks, and "Ellen!"—"Bertha!" was all they could utter. After the emotions of rapture

had subsided, Percy had his turn of welcome.

“ My gallant Hotspur, my Harry Percy,” said Mr. Herbert, cordially grasping his hand, “ welcome to England, and thrice welcome to Albany ! Your presence completes the happiness of the day.” Edmund soon joined them, after leaving Mrs. Sinclair and his Julia at the White Cottage.

In the evening they all met ; and though the various incidents and pleasures of their journey were enumerated, yet the repose and comforts of home seemed to be enjoyed by all. Those who have experienced that age of absence, a month, from the friends they love, can easily imagine the joy that diffused itself over the bosom of every one who had been for double that period separated, and were now reunited. As Mrs. Herbert held and pressed the hand of Ellen, and looked in her face, she wondered how she could have parted with her for so long a time, how she could have lived without her soul-enlivening smile, and the accents of her melodious

voice. "But I had dear Bertha," she said, "or I could not have endured the deprivation."

Bertha now began to reflect upon her return home, and the pleasure that had diffused itself over her heart soon subsided. "Oh, what a change will it be to me!" she thought. "How shall I leave those who love me, and endure again the chilling frowns of my parents? But Mrs. Herbert tells me it is my duty to submit patiently, that I must not relax in my endeavours to please them, and in time I shall be rewarded. My sisters too, they do not love me." And poor Bertha wept at the recollection of the neglect and unkindness she had endured, and in anticipating the miseries that awaited her at home, a home so different, she thought, from Ellen's! A few days resettled the parties at the Rectory and Cottage.

Percy had left Albany, and was gone to his family seat, where he now meant to take up his residence, and to form an establishment suited to his fortune. After he was

gone, Ellen wondered how she could feel unhappy, when Edmund and Julia were still with her. "But then Percy was almost a brother ; she had known him from her childhood, and he was Edmund's friend : " and in this plausible reasoning she found full cause and justification for her regrets. But the useful as well as amusing occupations of every day, and the warm affections of her heart for those who surrounded her, soon filled up the 'aching void' that Percy's absence had at first left there.

Several weeks had now glided on in their usual course at Albany ; books and music employing the leisure hours of some ; dress, gossip, and scandal, those of others ; when the unexpected appearance of Conway gave sincere pleasure to Mrs. Sinclair and Julia, and spread a tumult of surprise, joy, and distraction, in various other bosoms. Most unpropitiously did he return for Mrs. Hopkins. For some months her stratagems had been in full and active force ; and by her arts and eloquence she had, she thought,

happily succeeded in gaining possession of (that not very difficult fortress) the heart of Miss Anna Maria for her son. The youth himself, it is true, was most untractable; protesting his dislike to such a white-faced, silly girl; and obstinately preferring Miss Catherine Foster, who smiled upon the honest tar very kindly and good-humouredly. This preference offended his mother: but in vain poured she into his ear the difference between a baronet's daughter with four thousand pounds at her own disposal and more at her father's death, and the daughter of a poor pettifogging attorney with not a sixpence.

“ I like her, mother, and that's enough; and as for the other, I can't abide her.” But Mrs. Hopkins, in her conversation with Anna Maria, artfully ascribed his inattention to extreme diffidence. The lady smiled, and looked, and sighed. But his diffidence was unconquerable. Poor Anna Maria almost wept. Next to having a lover, there was nothing to her fancy so interesting as hopeless love, and sighing in solitude, so that



she was determined to play the despairing heroine. But though Mrs. Hopkins told Joseph it was all for him; that he was the cruel cause, and wondered at him, he still walked about with Catherine Foster, and refused ever to call at the Mansion. His mother was at length so incensed at his obduracy to her 'sweet young friend,' and his devotion to another, that she absolutely forbade his entering Mrs. Foster's house, or speaking to her daughter. These prohibitions awakened all the spirit of the sailor. "I'll tell you what, mother," said he: "I came home for a little pleasure, after a long voyage, and to see father and you, and all my friends, and you have not let me have even peace and quietness. You wanted me to fall in love with a disagreeable painted up thing, not fit to be placed at the head of a hulk; and you see I could not obey your commands. But as you wanted me to fix my mind, I looked about for myself, and I will be free to say that Kitty Foster is the girl for me; and if she is willing to be a

sailor's wife, and stand by him all weathers, why here's my hand at once : so that's the long and the short of the matter ; and you may as well spare yourself any further trouble about me, for I'll do as I like."

Mrs. Hopkins flamed with anger and disappointment. She found him the same Joseph whom she could not govern as a boy ; and though his principles were corrected, he was as uncontrollable as ever. Mrs. Foster, who had heard of the rejection of *her* daughter, now came to Mrs. Hopkins to *speakh her mind* upon the subject. She was astonished that the wife of a poor apothecary should give herself such airs ; that she considered her family superior in every respect ; and that Mrs. H. ought to think it an honour done to her son in being permitted to speak to her daughter. But she could tell her that she should not suffer such liberties in future ; and that neither Mr. Joseph Hopkins nor any of his family should ever enter her doors again.

Things were in this train when Conway appeared, like a beam of gladness, in the village. He had been commissioned with despatches from the Peninsula, and, after executing his business in London, had run down for a few days to Albany. Mrs. Hopkins's hopes in regard to Joseph were crushed at once, and she thought she had better resume her old schemes. Again her 'sweet young friend' was the theme, and the handsome Conway the only man in the world deserving of her. Her dejected looks, which were intended to soften Joseph's heart of oak, were now to be ascribed to Conway's absence; and thus, ever ready in expedients to render herself of consequence by flattery and falsehood, was Mrs. Hopkins prepared to meet Conway, and sooth Anna Maria.

Conway's first call was at the Rectory, and he then walked to the Mansion. He found Sir Thomas, Lady Wills, and Lavinia at home; and was told that some of the young ladies were engaged in their different

*studies*, (for every thing they did was dignified by the name of *study*, whether it was papering a box, copying music, or covering a fire-screen,) and others were walking in the grounds. Not presuming to interrupt their mental occupations, he availed himself of the privileges formerly granted to him, and went in search of those who were out. He had just entered a closely embowered path, and was proceeding with quick steps, when he was startled by the sound of a shrill, loud, female voice. He stopped for a moment, undetermined whether to advance or retire; but recognising the accents of the soft lisping Anna Maria, surprise, and perhaps curiosity, fixed him to the spot. In a tone at least an octave higher than her usual key, she was accusing some one of having stolen her pearl bracelet. No answer was returned. "Will you not speak, child?" she screamed out. "I scorn to reply to such a charge," replied a deep and steady voice, which he knew to be Bertha's. "Then you are guilty." "You have not proved me so." "Provok-

ing girl!" she exclaimed furiously: "tell me this instant where it is, or I will tear *this* from your bosom," attempting to seize a little gold heart, which she wore suspended to a chain round her neck, containing the hair of Ellen and Julia, and the gift of Edmund on her last birth-day. Bertha guarded it with both her hands; and disappointed of her revenge, the gentle Anna Maria gave a sharp slap on the cheek of her firm but unoffending sister. At that moment Conway appeared before them. Bertha was still standing with her hands closely folded on her bosom, protecting the only little ornament she wore or valued; her cheek glowing from the blow she had received, and her eyes sparkling with indignation: but she spoke not a word. At the sight of Conway she fled. Anna Maria, surprised, confused, and humbled, gave for once a genuine scream; then tottered to a seat, and burst into a fit of hysterical tears, sobbing out, "Oh, that obstinate girl will be the death of me! O Captain Conway!"

Conway could scarcely believe all he had witnessed ; and that the once soft, sighing Anna Maria could be transformed into a little fury. The illusion was over ; and gazing at her for a few minutes with unfeigned astonishment, he coldly bowed to her, left her to "*her lament*," and followed Bertha. He had walked a considerable way in the shrubbery without overtaking her. He called her, but received no answer ; and after a long search he at last found her in the deepest recesses of a little wilderness, where she had thrown herself on the ground, and was bitterly weeping. She did not hear his step ; but when he spoke, she started up and was again flying from him. "Stop, Bertha, dear Bertha !" he said, "do not fly from a friend." Exhausted by the violence of her emotions, and touched by the kind tone in which he spoke, she was compelled to lean for a few moments upon the arm he offered her. "Pray, sir, leave me," she at length faintly articulated. "My dear little girl," he said,



“ my little playfellow of last year, you must not send me away. I am come but for a few days to Albany.” Bertha held down her head, but the deepening colour of her cheek betrayed some fresh emotion. “ You are not glad to see me, Bertha !” “ Not glad ! Perhaps I am not, for I have no cause for gladness ; but if I could be glad——” “ I hope it would be to see me, Bertha,” said he gaily, yet tenderly. “ I think it would,” she replied. “ I am just come from your friends, Ellen and Julia ; and Edmund,” he added. At the last word her cheek turned pale, and disengaging her hand from his she was hurrying away.

Conway’s discriminating eye and heart instantly detected the lurking mischief in her bosom. The discovery disconcerted him. In his loquacious moments, half in jest and half in sincerity, he had often said, “ Were Bertha a year older, I should be in love with her. She would be just the girl for a soldier’s wife.” She *was* now a year older,

and he already thought her the girl for a soldier's wife. He gazed at her improved countenance and figure with almost an unconscious admiration. He had addressed her with the same familiarity and fondness with which he had been accustomed to treat her ; nor did he at first feel any other emotion than that with which he had parted from her : but when he found that love had stolen into her bosom, a feeling of surprise and disappointment arose in his, and an involuntary wish that he himself was the object of it. He knew that Edmund was engaged to Julia ; that Bertha's consequently was a hopeless, but he trusted not an unconquerable attachment ; that it would soon be subdued, and might be transferred to one who loved her.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing in his mind, he still detained her hand ; and the steady but tender attention with which he regarded her, seemed to read every movement of her heart ; till, confused and distressed, she burst into tears, and again

struggled to escape from him. "Would that these tears were shed for me, Bertha!" he emphatically exclaimed; and once kissing her burning cheek, he suffered her to go. But whither she went he knew not; for she flew from him, and was soon lost to his sight. He met Deborah; and hoping to have at least another glimpse of Bertha, he entered into a long discussion with her upon the properties of alkalies and acids, and the union of hydrogen and oxygen, and the four elements; or, as they are now proved to be, forty. He did not return into the house; for he wished to avoid Anna Maria as much as he wished again to see Bertha.

As he walked towards the village, he met Mrs. Hopkins bustling up to the Mansion. She said she had just received a message from her dear friend, who had been thrown by some unexpected circumstance into the greatest agitation, even into hysterics. "Perhaps, Captain Conway, you may know the cause?" "Indeed, madam," he answered, "I am never very anxious to discover the cause

of a lady's hysterics." " Well, I must go to her, that she may pour out her griefs to me ; but I wish you would go back with me, for what can *I* do? you know." He briefly said that his visit was already paid, and that really he had no skill in hysterics ; and while she was collecting together all the particular expression she wished to throw into her countenance, and her eye was already screwing itself into a wink, and her mouth into a smile, he had wished her good morning, and was half way down the hill. " Strange, very strange !" thought she ; " I dare say that silly girl has been giving herself some ridiculous airs, and so has disgusted Captain Conway as much as she has Joseph. I declare I don't care if she has. If she had not four thousand pounds, and was not a baronet's daughter, I should never have wished to have her mine, I can tell her. However, I must go and hear her nonsense." When she had ended her soliloquy, she began to argue with herself, whether it would be most politic to sooth her wayward humour, if she

should find her in one, or to chide her ; to abuse Conway, or to exculpate him ; for she had no doubt but that they had quarrelled. The result of this debate with herself was, that it would be more agreeable to Anna Maria, and consequently more advantageous to herself, to take conciliatory measures, and to be the amiable mediator ; and “ as the quarrels of lovers are but the renewal of love,” she walked on, pleasing herself with the prospect of a new cap or gown, the fruits of the pacific treaty she was going to be engaged in. But how great were her surprise and disappointment when Anna Maria told her that Conway had overheard her rebuking Bertha for stealing her bracelet ! that he came at the very moment when her sensibility could bear it no longer, and she was on the point of boxing the child’s ears ; and that he looked as if he thought she had done so ; for though she fell into a hysteric, he took no notice of her, but went after “ that little serpent.” She added, “ I would have followed them, but I did not know what she

might provoke me to say or do. I could tear her eyes out. I wished with all my heart Josephus had been there to have taken my part, and to let Captain Conway see that there are others in the world besides himself." "I wish he had, my dear; but ——" "But what? Is it true that he is in love with Catherine Foster?" "O dear! no, he is not in love; she is in love with him; and the artful girl has so inveigled him, that I can't tell what will be the consequence. However, I have forbidden her to enter my doors again; and that proud, conceited woman Mrs. Foster has desired that he will not go to her house. Such airs indeed!"

Though Mrs. Hopkins had in her own mind given up all hopes of Joseph's alliance with Anna Maria, she could not determine at once to undeceive her; and as Conway had evidently had a proof of her bad temper, it was more than probable that all views there were at an end, and there was still a little chance that Joseph might be induced to accept of



her at last. Mrs. Hopkins was at least resolved not entirely to throw away even the remotest probability of a union she so anxiously desired.

Anna Maria still talked of Conway's running after Bertha—wished she knew if he found her—was afraid that he would not call at the Mansion again, and she should die if he did not. "Never mind, my dear! Your papa, I dare say, will ask him." "But suppose he will not come? I am afraid he thinks I was in a passion with Bertha: he does not know how that girl provoked me, nor how much sensibility I have." "Oh, I dare say he thought nothing about it: but if he did, he has so kind and tender a heart that he will soon forget it, and will never be able, I am sure, to withstand your pensive countenance: and I would advise you to dress yourself negligently, and look quite pale on the day he comes."

The invitation was given, and accepted. Anna Maria's pale and interesting counte-

nance had no effect upon his obdurate heart ; and though he was placed next to her at table, he paid her but the most common attentions, while to Bertha, who sate by her father at the bottom, he directed many a glance of fond expression : and when they met in the drawing-room, it was with mutual feelings of restraint and embarrassment ; his manner was no longer gay and playful, but tender and respectful ; while hers was distant but not inattentive, and reserved but not cold.

A few days more completed his visit at Albany. In the evening preceding his departure he went to the Mansion, but did not see Bertha ; and when he asked if she were at home, no one could inform him, nor did any one even repeat the inquiry ; and he was compelled to leave the house hopeless of seeing her. He then called at the Rectory to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. Ellen they said was in the garden ; whither he went. He knew her favourite seat, and supposed he

should find her there reading. Though he had used no precaution in his approach, he reached the place unheard and unobserved by Ellen or Bertha; and he stood some minutes a silent and astonished witness of the tears and sobs of the latter, who had been imparting to her faithful friend the cruelty, injustice and oppression which she had experienced from Anna Maria. Her face was lying on Ellen's shoulder, that she might indulge and conceal her emotions, while Ellen encircled her with her arm, and her tears fell fast, while her voice spoke soothingly. "But to be called a thief, to receive a blow," murmured Bertha almost inarticulately, "and to be accused of trying to steal Conway's affections from her, I would not if I could, and I am sure I could not if I would." Her voice was again choked by sobs, and she again buried her face on Ellen's shoulder. So absorbed were they by their own feelings, that Conway might longer have stood an unmarked spectator of the

scene, had not Carlo bounded from another part of the garden, barking with joy to meet the hand that had often caressed him. Bertha started up, and was running past him. He stopped her, earnestly imploring that she would not fly from him in the few last moments in which they might ever meet. "I go tomorrow," he said; "and who can say when I shall see you again?" Ellen had begged her not to go, and Conway gently led her back to the seat, placed himself between them, taking a hand of each, and addressed them mutually as follows: "Will you remember me when I am far off, and will you sometimes wish for me? Ellen, *sister*, (as he had been accustomed familiarly to call her,) *you* will not forget me, though Bertha may. To her my presence has lately seemed painful; yet I cannot endure to think that my absence will be a joy." Bertha, whose spirits had been subdued, and whose heart was already breaking by the remembrance of the sufferings which she had been relating to her friend, affected by the tender reproaches

of Conway, and by the look of fondness which he fixed upon her, again burst into an agony of tears. "This is too too much," said she, and was rising. "If you knew all, Captain Conway!" said Ellen. "He must not know it, Ellen, he must know nothing," interrupted Bertha: "by all your love for me I conjure....." "Be easy, my Bertha," replied Ellen: "I will divulge nothing you ought to wish concealed." "Perhaps," said Conway, "I already know it. Dear *dear* Bertha!" said he emphatically—but, checking himself, only added, "Should I ever return to England, the first wish of my heart will be to find myself remembered *here*; and if I might indulge a hope, but—*you could not if you would.*" He paused, and looked tenderly on Bertha, whilst tears swam in his expressive eyes. She made no reply by eye or word; he could control his emotion no longer; but, hastily kissing a hand of each, hurried away.

"The God of battles preserve him!" said Ellen, as he left the garden. Bertha spoke

not, moved not ; her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her whole mind absorbed by some deep feeling. At last, with a sigh that rose from the bottom of her heart, she said, "He is gone ! one of the few who interest themselves for the unhappy Bertha." Ellen thought that the interest was stronger than he chose to avow : but she prudently forbore awaking a suspicion of the kind in the breast of her friend, lest, deceiving herself, she might deceive her ; and almost in silence she accompanied her on her way back to the Mansion.

Conway left Albany the next morning. Whenever he happened to be mentioned by the friends who sincerely loved and valued him for the goodness of his heart, the sweetness of his temper, his just and honourable principles, and, united to the moral and social virtues, his high and heroic qualities, Bertha sat in silence, a silence so profound and full of expression, that no one ventured to notice it, or inquire into its cause.



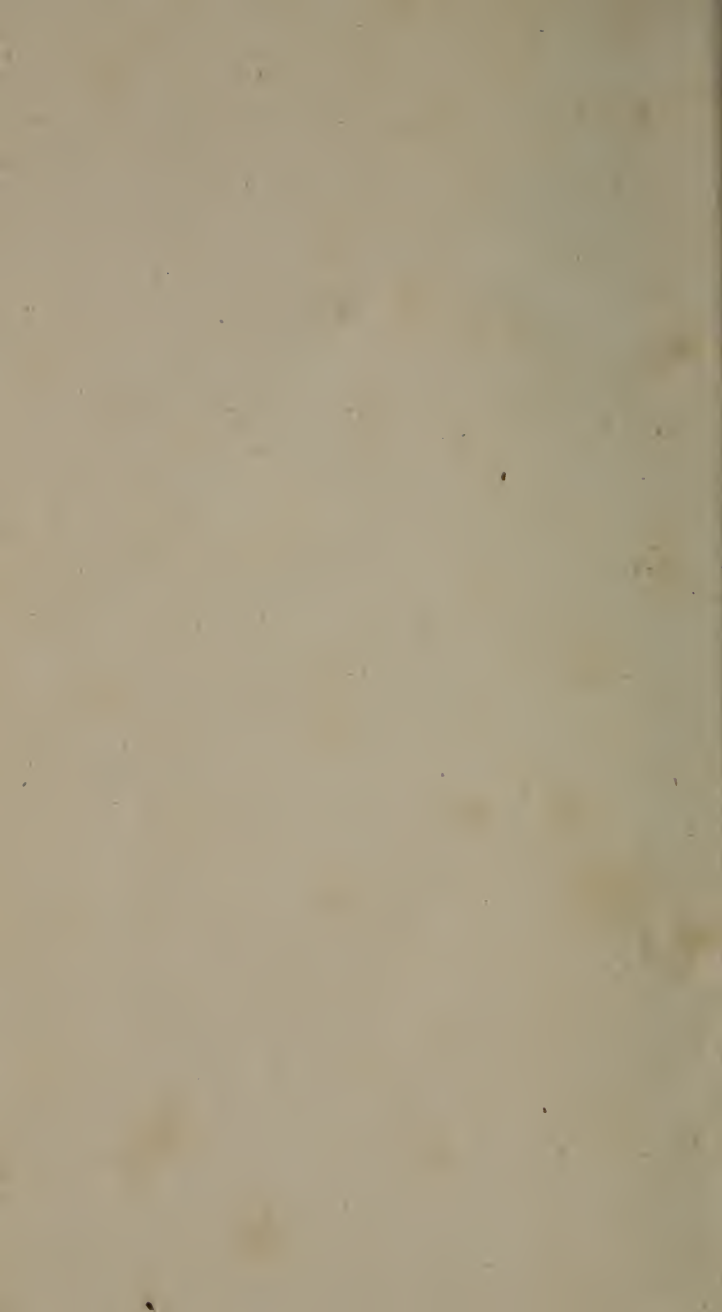
Edmund still resided at the Rectory. He *was* the man her heart and fancy had preferred ; she viewed him as a being of superior order ; and while she thought of him as the destined husband of another, she involuntarily wished herself that other. She treasured his presents, she preserved every memorial that could recall him to her mind, and every word he had written, almost every thing he had touched. To one who had but few objects to love, those who awakened her affections were almost idolized ; and Bertha, in the ardour of her heart, often believed it impossible any other man than Edmund could inspire her with affection. But a heart of fifteen is happily not composed of such mimosa materials as to wither from the first touch : it may revive beneath the breath of kindness, and bloom in the sunshine of affection. Edmund loved Bertha as *a child* ; Conway approached her as *a woman* ; and her heart insensibly felt and acknowledged the difference. Then Edmund was betrothed

to Julia. Conway's tenderness had left an impression upon her mind, though it had not communicated itself to her heart; but she remembered how he looked, and what he said; and though she loved him, she was not (she thought) in love with him. Besides, she was scarcely fifteen, and was yet called *child*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.







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